A GUIDE BOOK

OR

MICROCOSMOGRAPHIA RELIGIOSA

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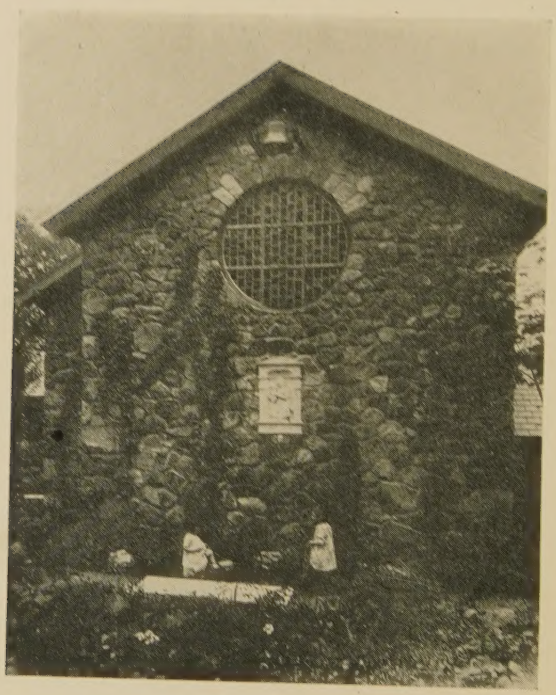

THE WEST END OF CHAPEL OF S. ANNE

A GUIDE BOOK

OR

MICROCOSMOGRAPHIA RELIGIOSA

F. C. Powell

Describing the Life and Work of
S. John's House
Arlington Heights, Massachusetts
and Other Convents of
The Order of S. Anne

PUBLISHED AT S. ANNE'S HOUSE
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"I don't pretend to paint the vast
And complex picture of the Past;
Not mine the wars of human kind,
'The furious troops in battle joined';
Not mine the march, the countermarch,
The trumpets, the triumphal arch.
For detail, detail, most I care
(*Ce superflu, si nécessaire*!);
I cultivate a private bent
For episode, for incident;
As much, in short, as one may hope
To cover with a microscope."

—Austin Dobson.

Advertisement

If you are young, do not read this guide-book; it is not fit for you; it is no milk for babes.

If you are old, lay it aside; it has no particular message for you; it has little to teach you.

If you are irreligious, give it away; you do not feel the need of its instruction.

But, if you are neither less than eighteen years old, nor more than eighty young;

And if you desire to love God, and your spirit craves to know how you may serve Him;

Read, and then come and make us a visit.

Excuse all faults whether pertinent or impertinent. The book, as its title indicates, is microcosmic.

The author and the printer,
With various kinds of skill,
Concocted it in Winter
At the convent on the hill.

Each house of which it tells "is near to flee unto, and it is a little one:" if you are able to escape thither (is it not a little one?) your soul may live.

"Therefore it shall become every man, which do intend to live godly, to hear and learn godly books, and to print heavenly doctrines in their hearts."

(Extract from Thomas Some's dedication of Latimer's sermons to Katherine, Duchess of Suffolk, 1550.)

A Letter from the Father Founder

Dear Visitor:

This little book, the merest sketch of certain small convents of S. Anne, a religious microcosmography, may recall to your memory a few holy places where God has manifested His exceeding great love towards women and children.

The art of guide-book making, like other arts, has had to advance through an embarrassed and experimental infancy. The Victorian writer was apt to start with the twin ideas that travelling is a form of education, and education is a form of propaganda. He thought of himself as a schoolmaster, of his readers as dull but obsequious pupils, and of the world as his blackboard. "Go to this; visit that; you must not miss the other." Lest you should escape upon a plea of having overlooked his commands, he reinforced them with stars, one, two, and three, like a street-car advertisement. Lest you should be blind even to his stars, he employed startling variations of type—not as they are used today, for the sake of clearness and good order, but in emphatic righteousness—just as a real schoolmaster of his period might have banged his desk with a birch-rod in order that none might miss the climax of his rhetoric.

And not satisfied with instructing his weary class of sight-seers, he would drive them from the Abbey (twenty minutes) to S. Paul's (fifteen minutes), and from thence to the British Museum or the National Gallery (forty-five minutes), and the Tower (ten minutes), appointing every instant of their time, and, by means of his abominable and arbitrary hunting-watch, give comparative awards of merit to all the wonders of the world.

Thus were the old guide-books a reflection of all the earnest pomposities of their age, exact and decisive in judgment, perilously sure of themselves. The modern successors of them likewise have a contemporary complexion. But whether you go or stay is all one to the

authors. They will not do more than indicate a path, nor will they hold a stop-watch. Take your choice, hasten or linger, go as you please—so say they. The Victorian schoolmasters would have called it laxness and degeneracy.

Quite other is this Guide Book. It shows how we may go on along the road indicated by the finger-post until the wind stills, and the rain stops; and we reach that corner wherefrom the road is straight. These things, and more, are set down in phrases that move about as if they were human beings. Here is a chronicle of convent life—of life as keen as Baldwin apples and as colourful as the rainbow. We shook the tree of prayer, and this little fruit fell to the ground.

Pictures are inserted in the book for the reason that though most of us can read writing, none of us can help reading picture writing. The illustrations therefore are not the least important part of the book. We can start reading a printed page and decide whether we will read it; we cannot start looking at a pictured page and decide whether we will see it—we have seen it. Print is at best a temptation; a picture is an assault.

The chapel, the garden, not to say the Sisters and the children, are a little apprehensive and ashamed at being huddled forth into the light of publicity after the long obscurity of convent life, and they beg the friendly reader, if he cannot approve, to offer a civil censure, or say nothing.

Some of us are old. We can look back on life as travellers over a journey which, on the whole, has been a pleasant one. We feel that we have fared better than our deserts. We have seen many lands, but none so good as our own. We have mixed with many peoples, but found none kinder than our own Sisters and Associates. And finally, we have seen freedom broadening down into a real religious liberty. We take the present signs and tokens as indications of even better things to be.

In Job xxvi, 7, it is written: "He hangeth the earth upon *nothing*"—that is, *no visible* support. And we exult in the fact that each Convent of S. Anne hangs, as it has ever hung since its commencement,

"upon nothing," that is, upon no earthly patron, but only upon the good pleasure of God.

An ancient story tells how once upon a time a "man of God" was beleaguered by his enemies by night and when he went forth in the morning a host of horses and chariots was encamped against him, and a servant who was with him said: "Alas, my master! How shall we do?" and he answered, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." The story then says that the prophet prayed God to open the young servant's eyes that he might see, and that "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

From the vivid imagery of the long ago East it is a far cry to the problems and fears of us who are striving to fashion the world of today so that truth, beauty, goodness, freedom, and fellowship may prevail; and yet, there are forces on our side more potent than "horses and chariots of fire." Pray God that He may open our eyes to see who they be that reinforce our side.

Blessed lesson to learn, that to depend upon the invisible God is not to hang "upon nothing," though it be upon nothing *visible*. The power and persistence of the invisible forces that hold up the earth after its countless ages of revolving about the sun are sufficiently shown by the fact that this great globe still swings securely and serenely in space, and is whirled through its vast orbit, and, without variation of a second, still moves with divine exactness in its appointed path. We trust the same invisible God to sustain the Order of S. Anne throughout the world, and with His wonderful power to uphold all the work which faith suspends upon His truth and love and unfailing word of promise, though to the natural eye all these may seem as nothing.

Quotations occupy a considerable portion of this volume, but quotation imposes no stigma of inferiority. For all the importance of an age of hustle the fact need not be ignored that the human record is gemmed with

> "Jewels five-words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all time
> Sparkle forever."

It is the function of quotation to see that these jewels do indeed sparkle, and that they do not waste their rays for ever in the gloomy coffers of the past. There need be no diffidence in using the golden phrases of bygone men and women to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of today. Hesitation on that score betrays undue servility to the cult of the original. It is sheer gain to recognize that perfect utterance has already been given to our deepest thoughts and our finest feelings. The rehearsal of that utterance may well constitute a purging of thought and emotion such as no halting sentences of our own could give.

Plagiarism is a charge easily brought and often hard to disprove. *Microcosmographia* is a little melting-pot for good scraps from many authors, mentioned by name, as far as we know them; and of the fused material something new has been made. Is that to steal? If it is, we don't care, for our part, how much an author steals, provided he justifies his larceny by leaving the stolen goods better than he found them. We are the richer and the original author is none the poorer. We accept, humbly and thankfully, the gift-horse with all his teeth just as they stand.

Mr. Boswell observed that Dr. Johnson retained in his memory fragments of obscure or neglected poetry and prose. In quoting them he would often by a slight variation give them a moral turn, dexterously adapting them to his own sentiments, where the original had a very different tendency.

Our indebtedness to other writers does not trouble us. George Moore suggests that a plagiarist is but one who spoils the original text, and an original writer one who improves upon his predecessor. And satisfied with that definition, we pass on. The pictures, as we have suggested, are meant "to add veri-similitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Those who desire to embrace the Religious life will do well to realize that the romance of it is something that can be seen only before it begins and after it is closed. There will then be greater stability than there often is. All life that is worth anything is difficult, so they will not be surprised by the thorns and stones in their pathway.

Each convent of S. Anne is governed by a Mother elected by the Chapter for a term of four years, after which a new Mother must be chosen. The Chapter is like a mouse-trap; when you are outside you want to get in; and when you are inside the mere sight of the other mice makes you want to get out. The trap is baited with motions and resolutions. A standing resolution is one of gratitude for our friends.

It is easy to say the words "Thank you for what you have done for us," but it is difficult to say all that one feels about it.

Our prayers will ascend to the throne of the Most High for those who have visited our home, and in return we invite you to continue to remember in your Charity the needs of these Houses of God, and also the work which is carried on here for little children and others of whom our Blessed Lord said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

F. C. Powell, S. S. J. E.
(on behalf of the Sisters of S. Anne)

Feast of S. Anne, 1923 A. D.
Mission House
Cowley S. John
Oxford

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FOREWORD

THE cordial reception given by the public to our little monthly paper, *Gems,* and the continued request for more information, encourage us to proceed with this labour of love. The lively interest awakened by the coloured pictures and etchings of the Cottages and Chapel with their occupants, prompts both the natural request for more detailed information concerning it all; and the other no less natural desire of every pilgrim-heart—the acquisition of some fitting and lasting remembrance of such a microcosm, or shrine, once visited.

But the interest of the public does not end there. It has expressed its desire to know more about the work of other Houses of the Order of S. Anne. In this modest booklet our endeavour has been to satisfy, as far as brevity will permit, this equally reasonable wish. For years the work has gone on, slowly but surely, gaining in the hearts of Christian people, and it is our hope that this little Guide Book will bring the life and work of the Order of S. Anne to the knowledge of many who have never heard of it, to the end that they,

also, may coöperate in this work of prayer and caring for children at home or elsewhere.

They say a savage objects to being drawn or photographed, because he believes that if you possess his likeness, or the cuttings from his hair or finger-nails, you are in possession of part of his identity, and may do all sorts of unpleasant things to him. But that is nothing to the power exerted over people by their historian or biographer. Who would not flinch before the prospect of having her life divided into well-defined periods, or her love-letters, or gardening adventures edited with introduction, notes and textual criticism? But the biographer can do more. He can turn you into a character of fiction—surely a devastating experience. All this we escape by writing our own story.

S. John's House is easy of access. The trolley-car system from Cambridge to Arlington is not all that could be desired, but it is often better than walking. From Harvard Square, Cambridge, take any Arlington Heights car to Park Avenue. On the other side of the hill there is growing up, in this year of grace 1923, a settlement no bigger than a man's hand, figuratively speaking. Houses all small and neat like good little homes in white pinafores. Each house has at least two bunches of marigolds or pansies in the front yard, and a back

yard large enough to keep a hen or two to produce the breakfast egg.

There is nothing remarkable about our neighbourhood except its ordinariness, nothing that sug-

THE FIRST COTTAGE
THE PRESENT GUEST HOUSE

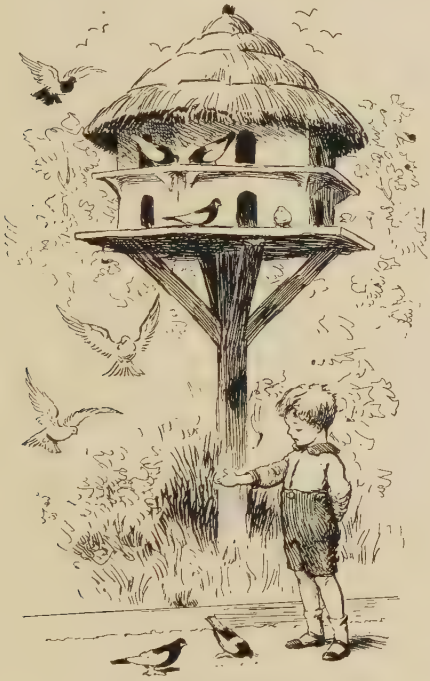
gests a well-ordered English, or even an old New England village. The road on either side of us is pleasant; in winter a long-drawn cathedral aisle, whose roof is composed of fairy, fanlike

tracery of meeting maple branches; in summer it is a tunnel of green, pierced by twinkling shafts and arrows of dancing light. But here are no quaint thatched cottages, all dinky and beautiful, full of mice and worse things, hot in summer, cold in winter, flaring like tinder if a spark drops. No heavy ivy climbing over all makes the cottages dark and damp and pretty. Nor are there any stately porticoed houses with columned fronts. There is nothing old-fashioned, nothing grand about us; nothing complete, nothing finished, nothing very trim. The houses, built for use more than looks, are shingled with wood, the walls stand straight, all dry and tight inside and out. Water is piped in to each cottage from the great Tower of Silence at the top of the hill; no carrying it for us a hundred yards from a well.

Everything is as poor, but up-to-date and middle-classy, as was, we suppose, the Convent of Our Lady of the Little Portion in its early beginnings, or the little Home at Nazareth.

Outside in the garden, it is the same, though more rough and tumble. The orchard, the barn, the hens, the pigeons, the terraces, the big stones, the unkempt grass and woods, all have a not remote kinship with real mountains and a land where slap-dash cataracts or mighty glaciers carry off trees and dance boulders about. There

lies its charm—practicality inside, and outside a general helter-skelter of Nature which shows that there is still a lot for men and women to do.



THE DOVE-COTE

In conclusion we give thanks to God for all the benefits received at His hands, and in His

Divine Providence we trust for the future. In all our undertakings we seek nothing but the glory of God. "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." (Ps. xxvi, 8.)

We invoke on our work the Mercy of God, the prayers of our Blessed Lady, the motherly blessing of our dear Saint Anne, and the brotherly assistance of Saint John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and to whom when dying He commended His Virgin Mother.

When Father Figgis, C. R., was in America, he warned us of the danger of becoming too stereotyped. He told us of certain English Communities of men and women that were trying to keep up a tradition. Possibly he overstated the case, but he spoke as though they were not living in the present. Not touching modern problems and conditions save with the tips of their fingers. They crystallized in subtractarian days. Just trying to keep up the religion of some pious old gentleman or lady now dead or dying. Not a living, vital, growing thing fearlessly stepping out.

A sentence from Ovid might serve as a good motto for any religious community: *"Facta fugis, facienda petis;"* it may be translated, "Do not rely on the past, reach out to the future." We are either recurring decimals, that is, victims of

the Great Return, ever looking back, or we are Caravaners, that is, pilgrims moving towards a goal to which we may advance in stages, either by spirals, or lines that are in some cases, wavy, and in others more or less straight.

Our American atmosphere is vocal with the flippant loquacity of half-knowledge. There is no use wasting time in talking about it, or against it. We must keep it under as we do certain weeds, by enriching the soil and sowing good seed in plenty. Good prayers, good words and works, good books.

"There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

—E. B. Browning in *"Aurora Leigh."*

Believing more in taffy than in epitaphy we would like to say right here, Well done, to all good friends who have helped us hitherto with such amazing generosity, and such a wealth of loving-kindness.

INTRODUCTION

AN apologetic introduction, which while acknowledging the already large number of books on this or that particular subject, hopes, piously but in vain, that justification may be found for the expression of another point of view, is as common as it is useless. So also is the confessional, self-condemning type of preface in which the writer owns to few, if any, original ideas. "Such and such authors' help I gratefully acknowledge," and here follows the list that is the sole excuse for the introduction. For the book itself there is none.

It was the opinion of a Wise Man in Israel that even though a fool be brayed in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. To commence a book, however small or great, with an apology is a piece of foolishness unprovoked and inexcusable. Some speakers always begin by giving an elaborate explanation of their inability to do justice to the theme, or the occasion. But why squander time in announcing what will become perfectly clear, before one sits down? An apology, half the time, is only egoism turned wrong side out.

Every writer should bear in mind the stern dictum of Emerson: No sensible person ever made an apology. So let us get on with this Introduction.

On the slope of a hill halfway between Cambridge and Lexington, is the Convent of S. John's House. The beautiful location is well adapted to its purpose by reason of its comparative isolation yet accessibility from Boston. That a convent should be on a hillside is in keeping with the traditions of monastic houses.

In the year 1910 the greater part of what is now the Garden of Truth and Seldom Seen was waste land abounding in briars, sumach, ash, pine, oak, poison ivy, the home of skunks, snakes, and other vermin. During the first half of the century it had been well cultivated and prosperous. But later on, years of neglect and carelessness wrought their work, leaving the old estate in a desolate condition. The land had returned almost to its primitive state.

Higher up the hill in what is now S. John's House for Guests, lived Miss Etheldred Barry, who had built a chapel of wood where the children of the neighbourhood might worship and be taught of God. Here was the home of the future community. The simple beauty of it all led many a one who came to say with the Psalmist: "This shall be my rest forever; here will I dwell for I have a delight therein."

The landscape was clear and clean, so clean of all fogginess or confusion that its inconspicuous clarity was a sort of heaven—cottages, waste land, small garden and all. White, unwritten, *tabula rasa*. The world a new leaf on which to inscribe our story.

No place seemed better adapted for the continual worship of God and for the care of children, than this ideal spot, where away from the world the hearts and lips of its dwellers could send forth an incense of prayer while ministering to the needs of Christ's little ones.

Winter is severe in these parts, but Winter belongs to God as much as the Summer. All our winters are His, the Winter of our sorrow, the Winter of our unhappiness, even the "Winter of our discontent." The cold does for all things here what the gardener has sometimes to do for valuable trees; he must half kill them before they will bear fruit. Winter is the small beginning of the Spring. It is the childhood of the year. Into this childhood of the year comes the Holy Child Jesus; into this childhood of the year must we all descend.

"Impossible," is what was said to us. In truth every noble work is at first "impossible." But like Gideon we spread out our fleece at the door of the tent, to see whether under the wide arch

of heaven there were any bounteous moisture or none. The heart and life-purpose of the work before us was as a miraculous lamb's-skin, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the Kind Immensities blessed dew-moisture fell

GUEST HOUSE IN WINTER
SEEN FROM THE ORCHARD

to suffice us. The perfect calm and deepening serenity of unquestioning faith in our Blessed Lord was never so gratefully felt as now.

"Jésus est le maître de l'impossible."

It is something if we can but stretch forth our arms "like an infant crying in the night," and implore our Heavenly Father to give us the crumbs

of faith which fall from the table of the triumphant and unquestioning believer. To this, in one shape or another, we must all come. If we have a loving Father, He will care for us and our children: He will do the best He can for us. If He is as good as even our earthly fathers and mothers have been, He will not judge us by our own stumbling acts and short-sighted views, and pitiable short-comings, but for Jesus' sake, in the light of His own magnanimous, loving Nature. Any other kind of talk is but

"Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a soft maid's ear
More, more than the Slavonian's scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruined Abbeys roar."

—John Donne.

What we ask for ourselves, O Lord, we ask for all those for whom Thou hast died; that they who sin against Thee may be turned to love Thee, that they who love Thee may be drawn nearer to Thee, to the glory of God the Father.

Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The Coming of the Sisters

"I will alway sing praise unto Thy Name: that I may daily perform my vows." (Ps. lxi, 8.)

IKE the pioneers of old, the little company of Sisters had to suffer some inconveniences.

The first house, 181 Appleton Street, now the Guest House, while admirably fitted for the accommodation of three or four persons, became somewhat crowded when a growing body of Sisters, guests, and children were packed in. Rooms had to be divided with curtains, making not overmuch privacy for the Sisters. But all, old and young, turned eagerly to their task. They divided their time between earnest prayer and hard work with a little recreation in between times. Early in the morning they would cross the garden to say Lauds and Prime and assist at Mass in the little wooden chapel. Often in winter they would have to wade through deep, unshovelled snow in the face of icy blasts of wind.

It is good that Sisters and Visitors yet to come should know something of the picturesque toil and varied hardship that it cost to create this home.

It may enlarge their hearts and make their musings by the winter fireside less commonplace, to give a kindly thought now and then to the long chain of human workers through whose hands the wood and stones to fashion the very fabric of the place have passed.

If babies were to live with small groups of older children under the care of a few Sisters, it became necessary to obtain more dwellings.

In 1910 the cottage now called S. Mary's House, 18 Claremont Avenue, was bought, and in the same year that part of it now used as laundry, playroom, refectory and dormitory, was added. Under the steady labour of all hands the desolate aspect of the grounds about it soon passed away, and in its place a garden appeared. In 1911, S. Joseph's House, 16 Claremont Avenue, was bought. Both houses face the West. In 1914, S. Raphael's Infirmary was built of wood. In 1916 the lower part of the Garden, called Seldom Seen, extending to the corner of Wollaston and Hillside Avenues, was added. The Gymnasium and stone wall were then built of stone dug out of this part of the garden.

Briars and poison ivy gave way to the onslaught of hoe and plough. S. Audrey's Well was dug near the Gymnasium to hold good water, and at the same time to save that part from being what it was before, a swamp.

In those days cows were kept. They furnished the refectory with milk and there was manure for the land. Pigs also contributed to the life and work of the convent. Every year something was done. It is a sad mistake for any one to say

The Chapel

with Nebuchadnezzar: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" But we are all more or less obliged by nature to go on improving things. If we didn't, we would lapse not only into vegetarianism, like that unfortunate monarch, but into vegetables. It is well to do what you can when you can. If you persist to the threshold of old age—your fiftieth year, let us say—from far below you will mount the roar of a ruthless multitude of young people in a hurry. Unless you are unusually placed, you may perhaps grow to be aware what they are in a hurry to do. They are artlessly in a hurry to get you out of the way.

"And what is Art whereto we press
Through paint and prose and rhyme—
When Nature in her nakedness
Defeats us every time?"
—Rudyard Kipling in *"The Benefactors."*

From the beginning S. John's House was to be for children. Surely it would be a good thing, if, in all our schools, it could be recognized that a child would far better grow up thinking that the world were flat, than to remain ignorant of God and moral law and filial duty. Could there be any more important work than that of instilling piety—the affectionate reverence of children for others, and consecration of the heart to God? To do this is to kindle the flame of devotion upon

many a neglected altar, and shed in years to come a mild and gracious light in many an otherwise gloomy home, making it the cheerfullest, holiest place on earth.

INTERIOR OF THE FIRST CHAPEL

If you who read should, being young and strong enough, desire in your turn, to come and join the Sisters, to share their life of poverty, chastity and obedience, you must know from the start

that you will have to give up your own self-will. If you take your own way you will make yourself dreadfully disagreeable, tread on innumerable toes, and butt your head against stone walls. Your bread will be bitterness and your meat tears.

But, on the other hand, if, within the microcosm, the little world into which you have come, you keep just enough common sense to put a pleasant edge on your conversation, and just enough worldly wisdom to save other people's toes, you will find yourself in the best of all company—the company of the lovers of Jesus; and if you have a spark of imagination and try very hard to remember what it was like to be young, there is no reason why your brains should ever get woolly or your heart hard, or why any one, from the oldest child to the youngest Sister, should wish you out of the way, or that you hadn't come.

Having come, we pray that we may keep trust with one another and tryst with our Lord Jesus Christ. The promise of reciprocity, or extension of responsibility through time, is what chiefly distinguishes us from brutes and reptiles. It has been pointed out that the promise, like the wheel, is unknown in Nature, and is the first mark of man. Referring only to human civilization, it may be said with seriousness that in the beginning

was the Word. The vow is to the Christian what the song is to the bird or the bark to the dog; his voice, whereby he is known.

It is not easy to mention anything on which the enormous apparatus of human life can be said to depend. But if it depends on anything of our own, it is on this frail cord, flung from the forgotten hills of yesterday to the invisible mountains of tomorrow. On that solitary string hangs everything from Armageddon to an almanack, from a successful revolution to a return ticket. On that solitary string they who break their vows hack heavily with a sword which is fortunately blunt.

We embarked in a frail boat on a boisterous sea. We knew not whither we should be driven, nor how we might be tossed, only we knew the port at which we aimed.

Abide with us, O Lord Jesus Christ, and give us the grace of perseverance unto the end and in the end. Amen.

The Chapel of S. Anne

"And let them make Me a Sanctuary: that I may dwell among them." (Exod. xxv, 8.)

EVER since the Chapel of S. Anne was built in the year 1915 by Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, it has attracted numberless visitors, and a continuous stream of pilgrims has come to view the little temple, built of stones dug up in the garden, all so beautiful in its whitewashed simplicity. Mining men have a saying, "Gold is where you find it," and these stones are where we found them. Kentucky limestone, Quincy granite, and such like materials are all right in a way, but it's best to use what you've got at hand and let a house of God grow up from the soil, so to speak.

Some of the Stepstones and Cornerstones of the Chapel wall were split with wedges. It was a task demanding judgment and precision. The stonemason would dip a cup of water from the pail and flow it over the great blue-grey stone, watching, fascinated as the beautiful grain deciphered itself. After deep study he'd strike a chalk line and begin to tap the stone with tiny

drills, making holes two inches apart along the chalk line. It was a slow process, an example

of the archaic patience that was to build the walls themselves. The drilling done, he'd put steel wedges in the holes, cocking an ear as he tapped

them gently with a little hammer. He was tuning them. It's a trick not learned in college, almost a lost art. Then he'd light his pipe and visit with himself a while. Sometime later he'd tap the wedges again. Then he'd take a walk, with hands clasped behind like a leisurely church warden stepping piously among revered relics. Again and again he'd return to the stone, listening, rapt. Finally it whispered to him the message he so patiently had awaited. It was something like the sound of a mouse scratching under the floor. A tiny hair line was creeping stealthily from drill hole to drill hole. As we watched, spell-bound, the stone would suddenly give up its struggle and part, showing an even cleavage.

The general architectural outlines of the Chapel suggest a church of the tenth or eleventh century in the Pyrenees, or in Brittany. The Altars and other furnishings belong for the most part to a later period. Some of them are of Italian Renaissance or of the eighteenth century Spanish or French workmanship. Some of the modern carving, such as the large Rood and the statue of S. Anne, were made by Meyer of Ober-Ammergau; the Stations of the Cross, the figures of S. Mary and S. John on the Rood beam, and reredos over the Lady Altar were carved by Angelo Lualdi. The stalls are of pine stained a wasp-nest grey.

The light in the Chapel is agreeably tempered by Norman slab glass. The windows in the apse are of stained glass; the rich blending of colours adds a special attraction. In them are figured our Blessed Lord, His Holy Mother, and S. Anne. In the early morning the sun shines through them and seems to reflect the eternal bliss of the Saints, verifying the words of the Psalmist, as it were: "Such honour have all His saints." (Ps. cxlix, 9.)

We have no musical instrument in Chapel, but we would like our singing to be so sweet, so musical, so heartful that the passer-by on the street will be compelled to stop and say: "Hush! It is the song of the redeemed!"

"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things." That is one reason why we love new songs and hymns. We need them to express properly our love and gratitude. Newness in song, oldness in building. The cottages in which we live are new enough, God knows, but the Chapel in which we worship is more recent than they, yet it has an appearance of immense antiquity—it is an artless affectation, this look of age, and the building in of ancient stone carvings; what does it mean? It means that, however new our song may be, the tone of time may well be associated with religion, even if one has to plagiarize the tone of time.

A Chapel is a necessity of our life. Those who willingly forego even the outward services

of religion, and stay away from the House of God, and let the Sacred Seasons of devotion pass by without a thought of regret, are in a sad way.

Their faith and love must be at a low ebb, if indeed faith and love have not altogether dried up and blown away. A living plant seeks water; a living soul longs for the refreshment of the sanctuary.

There are those, who when they have been present at a High Mass or a feast-day Benediction, say perhaps regretfully: "Give me a simple service. This elaborate ceremonial does not help my soul towards God. I find Him best in the great silences of the hills or within hearing of the sea."

A number of things have to be settled before a satisfying answer can be made to this regret.

The speaker must determine in himself how much, if any, of this feeling is but a distaste for doing anything under command. To enter the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child demands a measure of self-surrender at which many minds baulk.

Again, in preferring the hills or the seaside to a church as a place of prayer, the speaker may be giving voice to a natural instinct which leads any healthy person to enjoy the wind from the heath or the surf.

To condemn all ritual is to condemn our every-day life and civilization. What, for instance, can be more formal, or, if the word may pass,

more ritualistic, than our meals? Now that the nation has largely given up evensong, or evening prayer, its appetite for ritual has become identified with its appetite for food. The chief liturgical act of the day is no longer the morning sacrifice, but the evening meal.

Without ritual it would be an unendurable orgy. Unguarded by formality, there would be no room for intelligent talk. Unless sanctified to some extent by ritual, it would be a mere carrying out in public of acts better done in private.

To paraphrase a saying of Pascal:

In the Sanctuary of God it would be superstition to look on ceremonies of symbolism as an end; it is pride to deny that they are a means.

"We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine Honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

"We love the House of Prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet."

An ancient bell from a Spanish convent is at the entrance to the sanctuary; it is rung as a signal that the Service is about to begin.

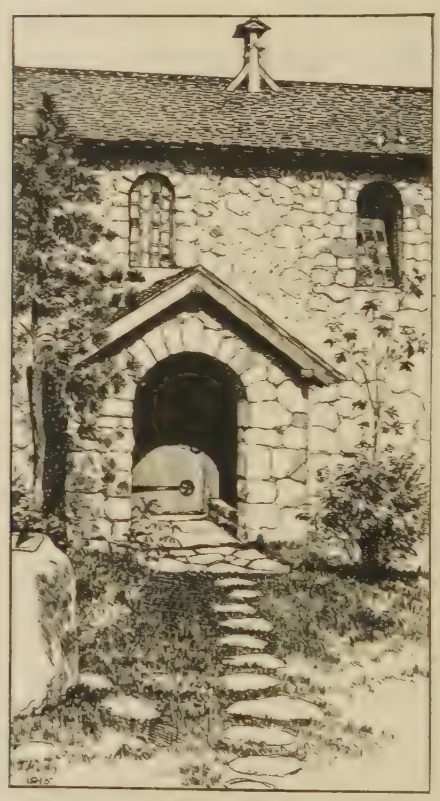
The Porch of the Chapel

"The Porch before the Temple of the House of the Lord." (I Ki. vi, 3.)

HE great brass pillars in the porch of Solomon's Temple were adorned at the top with beautiful designs. "Upon the top of the pillars was lily work."

In the Gospel we read how "Jesus walked in the Temple in Solomon's porch." (S. John x, 23.) The Chapel Porch is a place in which to rest and meditate. Embedded in the walls of it are a few ancient historical stones. Outside is a small marble head of S. John the Baptist from Lucca in Italy, carved in the sixteenth century. A Byzantine Dove in marble, dug up in Rome about the middle of the nineteenth century, is set in the wall on the right as you enter. On the left is an inscription from Chaldon Church, Surrey: *"Good redar warne all men and women whil they bee here to bee ever good to the poore and nedy."*

A Head of our Blessed Lord from the Monastery of Cluny in Burgundy is also on the east side. It was taken from a place in the Choir of Cluny, in order to be replaced by something better,



THE PORCH

not far from where S. Thomas Becket sat when he was a simple monk in the Abbey.

A mutilated S. Hubert from Dijon is on the west wall of the porch. S. Hubert is taking off his hat in salutation to the Angel who holds out the stole of service. In the foreground is S. Hubert's dog; in the background is the stag. On the patronal festival in S. Hubert's Church in Rome dogs are taken to High Mass. At the Elevation of the Host the dogs, it is reported, are all caused to bark.

Over the doorway is a painting of the Annunciation by Mother Etheldred, the first Superior of the Convent. In the picture is represented in the mediæval manner, a Sister of S. Anne, the Charles River, a Cambridge bridge, Heba the peacock, and in the distance the Church of S. John the Evangelist.

The Window of the inner vestibule is an early seventeenth century S. Christopher carrying the Christ Child across the turbulent waters. On the other side is a fifteenth century marble head of S. John the Baptist dredged up by fishermen from the bottom of the Gulf of Genoa, near Viareggio in Italy.

This style of writing, naming one thing after another, as in the catalogue of a picture gallery, is as bald as the head of a moulting hen. It traipses along over the printed page like the clatter of a cart over a wooden bridge when the planks are loose. But it's the best we can do.

PAINTING OVER THE ENTRANCE OF THE PORCH

The effigy of a child sleeping among roses and lilies is in memory of the first baby of

the house to fall asleep in Christ. "Come unto Me," said Jesus. Blessed commandment! The little one obeyed it. "Here am I, for Thou didst call me."

URSULA JOAN LINQUE
NATA MAY 9, 1911
RENATA JUNE 24
TRANSLATA JULY 19

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

BEN JONSON.

An anthology might be made of the homilies carved on these stones. The early artists of the catacombs, like S. John himself, thought in symbols: Paradise is figured, in the underground frescoes, as a garden where cupids gather flowers and fruit; the soul is figured as a dove, a sheep, or as Psyche. Our Blessed Lord as the Good Shepherd. Sermons in stone indeed. According to Victor Hugo's happy sentence, "each Cathedral is a book of stone"—a book the leaves of which were wrought and painted by the artisans of the Middle Ages, under the inspiration of its doctors. The Church at that time was not only a Sanctuary for Mass; it played a much larger part in the general scheme of civilization. It was at one and the same time the religious book, the popular teacher, and the newspaper of the period, something like the Bible, the "En-

cyclopedia Britannica," and "Who's Who" rolled into one giddy cliff of eloquent stones.

Our small Chapel of S. Anne is none of that. It has no ten thousand images carved on its walls or painted in its windows; it has only one or two such here and there; but the walls are strong, the Sisters themselves helped to haul the stones, and they were put together with many prayers. Within these walls is offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, therein is enshrined the Body of our Lord, and continual intercession is made for the whole world.

The lily work in the porch of God's ancient temple was merely for glory and beauty. It added nothing to the strength of the pillars. But it made the worshippers look up. It made the House of God doubly pleasant to look upon. When strength is matched by beauty the combination is irresistible.

Those who desire to be "pillars in the temple of my God" should lack neither strength nor the grace of goodness. A beautiful church may be built on a solid foundation as well as a stable. There is no reason why saints should not be agreeable, or a porch attractive.

"Upon the top of the pillars was lily work."

The Outside of the Chapel

"Walk about Sion, and go round about her . . . mark well her bulwarks." (Ps. xlviii, 11, 12.)

SACRING bell from an old ship hangs in the midst over the Chapel of S. Anne to proclaim the Elevation of the Host at Mass. Another larger bell hangs outside the West End; around the rim are inscribed the words: *"Venite, filii, audite me* (Come, ye children, hearken unto me. Ps. xxxiv, 11) MCMX."

"Let the bells be blessed," was an order from the Council of Cologne, "as the trumpets of the Church Militant by which people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce His mercy by day, and His truth in their nocturnal vigils; that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion may be increased. The Fathers also have maintained that demons, affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away, and when they fled the persons of the faithful would be secure; that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirit of the storm overcome."

In the exterior walls of the Chapel are set marbles, old and new.

An Agnus Dei of the fifteenth century is in the south wall, and another is in the north wall.

In memory of Mother Anne, a Madonna and Child, done in Carrara marble from the City

Sixteenth Century Marble Relief on West Wall of Chapel of S. Anne

of Siena, is set in the west wall. Visitors may notice the true lovers' knots embroidered all over our Lady's robe.

> "Thou art the Love-knot; by Thee
> God is made our ally;
> And man's inferior essence, He
> With His did dignify."
>
> —*Vaughan.*

The large fragment of amethyst crystal surmounting the relief is from Lake Superior. Other stones near the door of the Sacristy are a Fragment of a Dragon, and the coat-of-arms of a Bishop, tenth century. A Lion with a ring in its mouth—the coat-of-arms of the Picolimini, the family of Pope Pius II of Siena, fourteenth century. Fragments of terra-cotta, fifteenth century, and a beautiful old marble head of our Blessed Lord—all found along the Via Appia not far from Rome. A Cross on the roof shows the Symbols of the Passion, the ladder, spear and reed, the nails, the hammer, the pincers, the cock and the crown of thorns.

A fifteenth century Madonna and Child in low relief is on the north side of the Sacristy in memory of Ruth Kingsbury, a first benefactor of the House, who died in early youth.

"Oh, sir! The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."
(Wordsworth in "The Excursion," Book I, 531-533.)

High up under the eaves of the north wall is a gargoyle from the University Church of S. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. Other gargoyles and pieces of old terra-cotta are from Lucca.

The Gothic love for birds and beasts, for faces and grotesqueries, that blossomed out in the portals of great cathedrals and small parish churches, is reflected here in the more or less broken pieces of ancient carved stone. The Faith is a pure flower of joy that has to spring out of the dark earth, and even an old gargoyle is a petal of that flower.

It will be easily seen that some of the decorations and objects of devotion in and outside of the Chapel are gifts from elder churches. But second-hand things do not always come amiss. If you want a very small thing—a pen or a pencil—it does not occur to you to go to a second-hand store; you buy a new one. If you want a medium-sized thing—a house or a shop—you hesitate as to whether you shall buy or build; you weigh the comparative merits of a new one and a second-hand one. But if you want a big thing—a sun, a moon, a star, or a cathedral—it hardly occurs to you, if you are wise, to seek a new one; you prefer a second-hand one, and think your-

self lucky to get it. If you cannot get it, then you accept the next best thing. The second-hand things are the big things; it is the second-hand things that matter. They've stood the test of time. That's one reason why we prefer a second-hand altar, a second-hand font, and second-hand pictures, and vestments, and stones in and about our Chapel. Every morning a second-hand sun that other people have used, shines out of a second-hand sky, upon a second-hand earth, and bids us tread with a brave step life's second-hand roads. The paths along which we move have been worn by generations that have dropped into their graves. Indeed, they are all the better for that. Certain things improve with long keeping and use.

In crevices of the walls grow the House-leek (*Sempervivum*), known among us familiarly as "hen-and-chickens," called in older countries, Jupiter's Beard. The leaves, cut and bruised and applied to burns, afford immediate relief, as it is said, they do also from the stings of bees and wasps, and they are a beneficial application to ulcers and inflamed sores. An edict of Charlemagne contributed greatly to the extensive distribution of the plant in Europe. The edict is in these words: *"Et habeat quisque supra domum suum Jovis Barbam."* (And let every one have the Jupiter's Beard on his house.)

The whole building, consisting of common field stones, a local glacial deposit, is really derivative from the hillside on which it stands. The few fragments of older architecture, the precious bits of immemorial building have put on, by such juxtaposition, a new and singular impressiveness, an air of grave thought and devotional purpose. The place is for prayer and meditation. "Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." That is what meditation means.

This needs to be stated, since there is always a risk lest a place devoted to God's service, but which is in any way beautiful or unusual, should become a mere museum for the sight-seer and the critic. Travelling abroad, one sometimes feels that acutely. We long to keep our small Chapel as a place of adoration, with the eyes of the worshippers closed to all else save to Him Who is altogether lovely, and, Who condescends to dwell with us here.

"O, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!"

Famous Fragments

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." (S. John vi, 12.)

FRAGMENTS have secrets; they are the remains or beginnings of something else; they are full of the romance of half-remembered dreams. The Parthenon itself is but the hint of beauty lovelier still, for the Elgin Marbles are not supposed to be the greatest works of Phidias; those have all perished. For such tragedies of Art we must blame war, accidents, avarice and bigotry. Men threw the priceless statuary of Greece into the lime-kiln to make mortar. Thus now the most famous statues of antiquity are but fragments. The Venus of Milo is armless. Another marvel of antiquity, the "Victory of Samothrace," the glory of the Louvre, is also fragmentary, neither head nor arms.

It is possible to drown in the sea of one's multifarious information. With regard to our own fragmentary treasures the sea can be decanted as easily and nicely as sherry. There are stone fragments in the Chapel wall not famous, but at least amusing, such as grimacing gargoyles, peck-

HOLY WATER STOUP

ing birds, and worried beasts. We see something in children that makes them prefer to have a harlequinade, or a clownish performance, after the most exquisite fairy-play; something in them that likes to see King Arthur turn into a Pantaloon and Sir Launcelot into a policeman. It is a wholesome thing and helps to keep us from that over-seriousness which goes with idolatry. God has given to children a divine sense of humour which rainbows the tears of the world.

The truth is that there is an alliance between religion and fun of which modern thinkers have never got the key, and which they are unable to destroy. All Socialist Utopias, all Pagan Paradises have one horrible fault. They are all dignified. All the people at Brook Farm were dignified. All the people in William Morris are dignified. All the Cambridge philosophers today are dignified. But being somewhat undignified is of the essence of all real happiness whether before God or man. David, full of the Holy Spirit of the Lord and Giver of Life, dances before the Ark. Samson is so full of life and happiness that he carries away the gates of the city, as do the boys joyously carry away our garden gates on Hallow-E'en. S. Paul and S. Silas, at midnight, and in the dungeon, abounding in holy and somewhat undignified mirth, sang praises lustily. Their

singing was boisterous; it is recorded as of something extraordinary that the other prisoners heard them even through stone walls. Such songs had never been heard there before. At creation the very "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

All ancient things, including gargoyles, truly exist only to teach us to be young. The quaintest carved font exists only that we may be born again and be babies. The most venerable altar exists only that we may be fed by God and be married again to God, if not to man, and go on another honeymoon. Every stone is a joy, but happiness is the moment when you cease to make an inventory of joys; it is a glow, a brightness—never a list. Here is a beauty that grows upon you every second you look at it, and the longer you look the more you become fascinated with it. "To know what you prefer," wrote Stevenson, "instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

Fragments of architecture have a grace peculiarly their own. There are moments when as a ruin Melrose Abbey is even more lovely than it could have ever appeared when it was complete. Some of the most holy lines in English poetry were inspired by Tintern Abbey.

And there live other fragments, not works that have existed, but works that have never existed save in the dreams of the artist. Giotto's Campanile at Florence, begun in 1337, is still unfinished; if you climb to the top you may see the piers from which the spire that Giotto designed has yet to spring.

Time will never complete the mystery of "Kubla Khan" or of "Edwin Drood," and human life, like Art, is itself too often but a collection of fragments. Just fragments! Even the most complete lives. Beethoven said on his death-bed that he had music in his head more lovely than any he had ever written, while Chatterton died before his eighteenth year, Keats at twenty-six, Mozart at thirty-five, Raphael at thirty-seven.

"On Earth the broken arcs,
In Heaven a perfect Round."

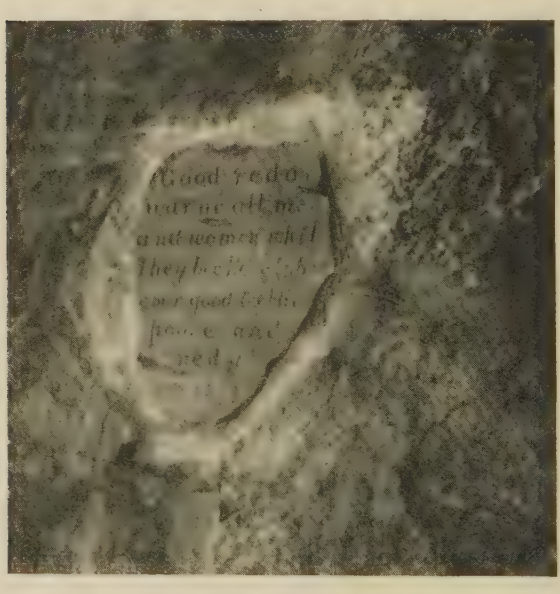
Such fragments are like bull's-eye lanterns with which we search the dim Cathedral of Reality for God, "in Whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of Him Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." (Eph. i, 11.)

The cult of archæology, when it implies the depreciation of our own time's especial virtue, is a mischievous influence, but in the convent

garden the visitor will find only a few old and some beautiful things that had been discarded by the world. Old stones are preserved here along with the ever-present laughter of children and songs of birds. Who knows but that some day birds will also be obsolete, and future generations will look in back volumes of *Gems* for an idea of the beauty ancient poets praised.

The very paving stones in front of the Chapel are but fragments from an old Cambridge Sewer. A friend, a digger of drains, first drew our attention to the flag-stones that were being thrown away "as if they were nothin' " into a swamp near the border of Belmont. The Superintendent of Sewers, by permission of the Mayor of Cambridge, had them sent up to the Convent. Our poor friend, whose weakness was beer, fell in love, fortunately for him, early in life, with an acrobat; she wore at that time, he said, a "red-spangled costume which fitted her all over." When prohibition was enforced, he had to give up beer and he did not long survive. His wife's account was that he "faded away into nothingness, like a flower robbed of the sunlight." One of his famous sayings was in reply to an apology for the inferior quality of some beer offered to him in happier days: "When you've dug ditches all day, there ain't no poor beer. Some beers is better than others, that's all."

When we ourselves are shattered, by ill-health or bereavement, and but few fragments remain, we would willingly submit ourselves to His Will—because it is His Will; and because submission is clearly our wisdom, no less than our duty. But, oh, when we are assured that His Will is *with counsel,* then we gather ourselves up into a different attitude. Instead of crouching at His feet trembling, we lay our head upon His bosom. It is no longer blind submission—it is trustful love.



INSCRIPTION FROM CHALDON CHURCH, SURREY

Symbolism

"The patterns of things in the heavens."
(Heb. ix, 23.)

THE external signs and ceremonies of the Church are consonant with what S. John saw through the open door of heaven. To Moses God said: "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee." In John Wyclif's translation of the Bible, over five hundred years old, the words run: "according to the sampler." Girls know what a sampler is. Often we see in a house a framed piece of worsted work hanging on the wall. It may have been done by a daughter of the house, or by the mother years before, or by a grandmother in the misty past, and handed down from the days of long ago. Samplers seem to be out of the fashion now, but in earlier times every girl was supposed to work her sampler before leaving school. A sampler indicates continuity, it connects with the past. A grandmother's sampler is a bit of her work, and pathetically brings near to us what may have long been a vanished hand. "See that thou make all things according to the sampler showed to thee." So

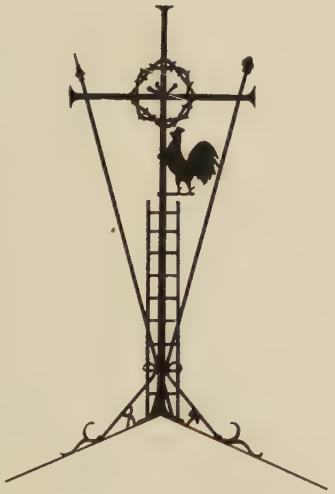
symbolism is given us as a golden string to lead us to God.

> "I give you the end of a golden string,
> Only wind it into a ball,
> It will lead you in at heaven's gate
> Built in Jerusalem wall."
>
> —*William Blake.*

This "following on to know," this winding all things of the truth caught hold of into a "perfect round" of thought, and will, and life, and worship, is not more easy for the mystics than for other people. We may find God in all things, but first and last we find Him in the Soul. There He is Alpha, there Omega.

It is easy to denounce symbolism as dangerous. Special preachers have a tendency, common to all interesting and critical philosophers, to talk as if they had discovered things which it is perfectly impossible that any human being could ever have denied; to shout that robins fly, to declare that in spite of persecution they will still assert that Scotch terriers have four legs. In this way raw youths talk about simplicity or sacrifice or something, as if they were not things embedded in every creed and legend that ever was. In the same way some imagine they are attacking the doctrine of human equality by pointing out that some men are cleverer or stronger than others; as if they really believed that those who drew up

the Declaration of Independence thought that every man was the same height and had the same brains.



Passion Cross
ON THE SACRISTY
OF THE CHAPEL OF S ANNE
CRAM + FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS

The general attitude of the Church towards the use of symbols has been a wide tolerance. Certain symbols and symbolic acts, such as the ring in Matrimony, the Sign of the Cross in Baptism, the gift of the Bible in Ordination, the kneeling to pray, the standing of the Priest at Mass, are definitely ordered. For the rest a large liberty is allowed.

Even those who most affect to despise symbolism cannot avoid its use. Like other teachers, they need illustration to enforce their teaching; and what is the barrenness of their Churches but a symbol of their simplicity in religion which they claim as their own? Or what is the Quaker dress if not meant to be a symbol of a meek and quiet spirit? Those who have grasped great truths have so longed to impress them upon the world that they have seized upon every available means of doing so, and thus symbolism has ever been the handmaid of religion. It was not discovered by Christianity. Symbolism, the language used by child-races, is older than history; evoked by the first longing for expression, and used continually in all ages to enforce and express truths which are beyond words. The Old Testament shows that God Himself taught the world through symbols beginning with the Rainbow. A man "filled with the Spirit of God . . . in all manner of

workmanship," helped by "all that were wise-hearted," was commissioned to make the symbolical furniture of the Temple, "the patterns of things in the heavens."

There are those who sigh for bare walls and churches empty of paintings and carvings. They are those who are so old in spirit or so exalted as to be independent of externals. It is different with children and the childlike of heart.

The greatest lesson of any symbol, large or small, is its importance as a fragment of the one great truth, God. When first we realize that there is a meaning behind a flower, or a sculptured saint, it becomes a little message from God, clear to us though we could not perhaps explain it to other people. The Church teaches us that behind such commonplaces as holy water, holy bread and wine, there lies, by the blessing of God, life eternal. We find earth as the garment of God, and as we touch reverently the hem of that garment, whether in Church or out of it, virtue comes forth to us continually, so that the Hidden Presence is as real to us as the robe which is visible to our eyes.

To the childlike of heart

> "Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God."

No qualification of wealth or learning is necessary for those who would enter this spiritual country. Much ancient symbolism has been lost because we have become less like children, and more like those moderns who deny the very existence of matter, or like Naaman, who would rather do some great thing than merely wash and be clean.

What does it matter whether the sun goes round the earth, or the earth round the sun? All that matters is the soul of loveliness speaking to us, as it did to Rossetti, through visible symbols. Like the supreme poet after whom he was named, he ate his heart out in exile—a great Italian tormented in the inferno of London. Under that grey northern sky he beat his music out. He

> "leaned his ear
> In many a secret place,"

and caught snatches of the divine melody that is so often drowned by the clamour of the world.

"Hearken, O daughter, and consider, incline thine ear: forget also thine own people, and thy father's house. So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty: for He is thy Lord God, and worship thou Him." (Ps. xlv, 11, 12.)

The Lady Chapel

"The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold." (Ps. xlv, 14.)

DEVOTION to the Mother of God is as old as the Church, for we find her picture venerated by Christians from the beginning. It was the great Archangel Gabriel himself who declared her "full of grace." One of the surest tests of the evangelical faith of a Christian is his attitude towards the Saints. It is very commonly supposed that to speak to the Saints, or to set much store by them as living persons, is a kind of disloyalty to God; a departure from the truth as it is in Jesus. The teaching has a pious sound. But it is really an affront to the Cross of Christ. Death is the only barrier between ourselves and the Saints, but He has "through death destroyed the power of death." So we say, "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

The central purpose of every chapel is simply to provide a shelter for an altar whereon the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ may be offered and

THE LADY ALTAR, PIETÀ AND SAINT ANNE

adored, and where the faithful may receive Him Whom they love in the Holy Communion.

The Spanish painting of the Blessed Virgin over the Lady Altar came from an old Mexican Con-

vent. It was given to this Chapel by the Boston Art Museum, together with two other pictures. The whole reredos is carved with flowers and fruit in linden wood after the manner of Grinling Gibbons. It is a representation of the natural work of God, as our Lady is of the supernatural, the flower of the grass, the leaf of the tree, the fruit of the garden.

The statue of S. Anne in the north corner of the Chapel was carved out of oak at Ober-Ammergau in 1911; it was presented to us by an early Associate. Around the Credence are Dutch tiles of the eighteenth century, from a tiled room of the palace of Jagmundir on Udaipur Lake in India. They represent Old and New Testament scenes; and have an artistic as well as an archæological value.

High on the north wall is the figure of the Madonna and Child.

"Long and slender she stands,
With a lily and the Baby
In her mediæval hands."

On the south wall is a S. Gabriel whose head was hinged so that six hundred years ago he could nod when given the slightest encouragement. No one was deceived by him. Religious images and marionettes belong to one family. Perhaps the last flicker of this popular instinct may be traced

to the cribs that appear at Christmas, and the homelier the puppets the better they serve their purpose. An ancient S. Nicholas is at the door near the old Holy Water Stoup, with the three children whom he is said to have restored to life, and there also is a little Alms Box for our own babies.

In this Chapel is an ancient font from Stratford-on-Avon. Centuries ago it stood outside the town at a cross-roads, and in time of pestilence, villagers of plague-stricken places, wishing to purchase food, were obliged by law to cast their money into the roughly-hewn stone bowl. In the bottom of the weather-worn basin may be seen traces of the five holes (now filled with cement) made to symbolize the Five Sacred Wounds. In England of old a representation of the Five Wounds was called a "Pieta" or a "Pity," and this old font at Stratford in the reign of Henry VII was called "the Font of Pity." Hence also the common exclamation, "For pity's sake."

A full-rigged clipper ship of the 1850 type used in the Great War, which hangs from the roof, was given to the Chapel as a thanksgiving for a deliverance from a threatened submarine attack in 1916. The copper wires that suspend it are invisible. The little vessel seems to float in the air, making for the High Altar. Andy, a sailor, wise among them

that go down to the sea in ships, who helped to build the Chapel, gazed at it with head on one side and gave his judgment: "That's a real ship,

A brass in the floor of the Lady Chapel

boats on the davits, yards squared, rigging taut—anchors, wheel, all in trim."

The making of the ship, a model of that which was attacked, took up the odd hours in the evenings for some months of a seaman, while sailing down the West Coast of Africa, round the Cape of Good Hope, and up the East Coast. When one thinks of the patience some sailor put into his whittling of the tiny masts and spars, and boats on the davits, one feels that it is not a dust-catcher only, but impregnated with the spirit of the old salt who carved his joys into the hull and wove his hopes and fears and thanksgivings into the rigging. It is fitting in a Chapel dedicated to S. Mary Star of the Sea.

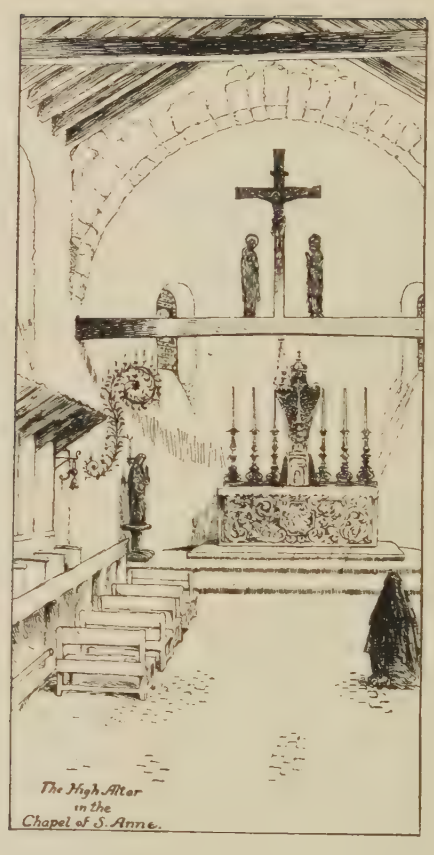
In the brick floor of the Chapel is set a brass in memory of Brigid, the first Sister of S. Anne to die. She is shown in her habit as a novice of S. Anne holding a rosary. If Sister Brigid had lived at an earlier date and in a Christian land, she would probably have been informally canonized by local acclamation, as no doubt happened often in Cornwall, Ireland, Brittany, and elsewhere. Hence the number of churches under the patronage of otherwise unknown saints which you find in those countries. So a S. Brigid's shrine would have been added to the hillside to commemorate her life in Arlington, or a S. Brigid's Porch to the Parish Church.

But this kind of spontaneous, instinctive, poetical notion of reverent piety seems to have vanished from out of our religion for the present. Our very naming of flowers then and now is a witness to the same fact. Compare our Geranium, Pentstemon, Salpiglossis, Eschscholtzia, with their Cranesbill, Our Lady's Slipper, S. John's Wort, Bleeding Heart, Snowdrop, Foxglove, Cowslip, Ragged Robin, Hart's Tongue, Heart's Ease, and half a hundred others. And so we let our saints sink into oblivion, but their works do follow them.

In "The Romance of Rhyme," it is said that "by a paradox the simple like complexities and the complex like simplicities. The ignorant like rich carvings and melodions, and often ingenious rhymes. The learned like bare walls, bare floors and blank verse." It may then be because we are simple that we like our Lady Chapel, where S. Joseph calls the righteous folk, and S. Gabriel

"All the sighing souls born of dust's despair,
They who fed on bitter bread when the world was bare;
Frighted of the glory gates and the starry stair.
. . . S. John he calls the kind,
S. Peter calls the valiant men all to loose or bind,
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to find."

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.



The High Alter
in the
Chapel of S. Anne.

The High Altar

"I will go unto the Altar of God." (Ps. xliii, 4.)

EACH house is a part of the Garden—the Garden's brow and eyes, so to speak—but the Chapel is the climacteric note, and the heart of the Chapel is the eighteenth century High Altar of green and gold and blue, all of carved wood, and containing the Blessed Sacrament. The colours are a perfect combination. No cunning embroidery or brocade can surpass them in beauty, as they stand against the whitewashed background of the apse.

The altar is surmounted by a Cross under a six-foot canopy, and six gilded wooden candlesticks with an ancient Tabernacle in the midst. On the door of the Tabernacle is a fifteenth century carved figure of our Lord with His hands bound, a fitting symbol of how He voluntarily submits even now to be bound in the Tabernacle itself.

Under this altar are fragments of ancient tiles that formed part of the paving of Jerusalem in the time of our Blessed Lord. These tiles were brought to America by an Associate of the Order of S. Anne. They were given to her by the Nuns

who found them below the Church of S. Anne in Jerusalem which is said to occupy the site of the house of S. Joachim and S. Anne, parents of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The earliest known mention of the house was in the seventh century, and afterwards it was made into a convent, which was rebuilt about the middle of the twelfth century. This site is said by tradition to have been the birthplace of our Lady.

Wrought-iron candlesticks of early Italian workmanship stand on either side of the High Altar, and from the wall of the apse spring silvered metal candelabra from Florence.

On the Gospel side is a kneeling S. Dominic; fourteenth century work in oak. It was carved by hands that could apparently shape nothing wrong, as the hands of today can hardly shape anything right, save by a rigid following of the old.

The lamp hanging in front consists of four bronze angels holding up a gilded coronet in which rests the red lamp that indicates the presence of our Blessed Lord on the Altar.

Mass is celebrated at this altar every day, and every Sunday afternoon there is Benediction at half-past four. Permission to be present may be obtained from the Reverend Mother.

The golden altar against the Romanesque apse, the grey wooden choir stalls and Stations of the

Cross, give an impression other than that of a modern Church. "We cannot easily build now, as men built a few hundreds of years ago," writes Mr. Chesterton, "churches in which laughter and terror, awe and charm were twisted together in iron, stone and wood. There are many now who have a keen eye for truth; but often they are of those people who like, as the saying goes, to have everything put down in black and white. They gird at us because we will not, or cannot, put down the Truth in black and white. But black and white are not the only two colours. The modern man of science or critic of the Bible who writes down a supposed fact in black and white, is not more but, as a rule, less accurate than the mediæval monk who wrote it down in gold and scarlet, in silver-grey, in sea-green and turquoise."

Romanesque is a term of no very precise definition which is employed to denote all those phases of Western European architecture derived mainly from Roman art, and developed with slowly increasing skill and mastery of principles from the fourth century to the beginning of the thirteenth. Romanesque architecture exhibits as its characteristic feature the round arch. The term may be used to cover the two styles which in England preceded the first pointed style, and to which the names of Saxon and Norman are applied. These

styles were local versions of the style which prevailed all over Western Europe.

In the thirteenth century the transition to the Gothic was in full process, but not until the Romanesque had accomplished very noble work. In the consistent dignity of Ely nave, in the splendid daring of Durham, in the repose of small and simple country churches like Kilpeck or Iffley, it had shown itself capable of great achievements. Its most noticeable characteristic, the round arch, had denied to it such flexibility as the Gothic was about to show. But Romanesque is a grave and great style, and those who use its possibilities to the full, whether on a large or small scale, build in the grand manner.

"Now, my God, let, I beseech thee, thine eyes be open, and let thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting place, thou, and the ark of thy strength: let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of thine anointed. . . ." (II Chron. vi. 40.)

The Screen

"This is the Gate of Heaven." (Gen. xxviii, 17.)

PROPERLY speaking, the great Rood should be over the Screen at the entrance to the Choir, but in order that the Figure of our Lord on the Cross should dominate the whole Chapel, the Rood was placed nearer the High Altar.

In the midst of the Screen is an old S. Joseph of wood holding the Child Jesus. On either side of S. Joseph are represented a thurifer and boat-boy, and two little girls wearing the familiar red winter cloaks and hoods, modelled from children of the House. A S. Sebastian is on one pillar of the Screen and on the other a beautifully-modelled Spanish ivory crucifix, low enough for veneration. In the south corner is a Spanish Madonna, in the north corner a Russian brass cross. Everything that we possess and enshrine in the Chapel has been given to us by friends.

One day we saw two little birds building a nest. They wanted a long stick in the nest, but it was too large for either of them to carry. What do you think they did?

They went and got another bird to help; and after looking at it for a moment, they all three took hold of it together, and then they could fly with it.

The way to do all hard things in this world is for everybody to help a little. That is the way the Chapel has been built and furnished; that is the way in which we have been carried all these years. No one of our friends could have done it all, but every one helped.

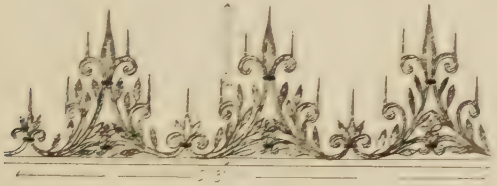
Within the Screen are stalls for members of the Convent and little benches for children of the House. Visitors kneel outside the Screen. Through this Screen have passed weddings and funerals, many hundreds of friends to make their Communion, nuns to make intercession, bishops to confirm a child or to receive the vows of a Sister. Such things are chief events in the Convent. The quiet days in between have little or no history, though doubtless they are recorded by the Angels in the muniments of Heaven.

"The Lord is in His holy Temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."

At all ordinary times silence must be observed in Chapel, since the Most Holy Sacrament is there. During Retreats visitors are admitted within the Screen that they may hear instructions better.

Speaking generally, the Choir Screen in a Con-

vent is the gate to the Religious Life. In the old days the primary idea with souls seeking the Religious Life was to *be* a Religious first and foremost in obedience to the call of God—to seek the path of perfection and union with Him by prayer and self-oblation. Work was wholly and entirely secondary; nowadays things seem rather reversed.



PRICKETS ON THE SCREEN

One hears of many seeking the Life to do nursing, teaching, evangelization, and so forth. God would seem to be thus not first, but self, though this is not recognized. An aspirant should seek to answer the call by "giving up." We have, for example, S. Matthew xix, S. Mark x, and our Lady's absolute self-surrender as expressed in her own words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." Words that mean "sacrifice" and "self-oblation." The aspirant offers her gifts and desires, equally content if they be used or not used, as God sees

best. Those words of Blessed Mary spoken at Nazareth sum up the contemplative life, as do her words to the servants at Cana sum up for Religious the active life: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

But speaking particularly, the Screen is, first and foremost, the entrance to the Choir. *"In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem,"* is a Rubric of the Prayer Book. The choir is where we sing. The choir is not an invention of man; it is a creation of God, let that be distinctly understood. The reason for its existence lies embedded in the eternal nature of things. God said: "Let there be light!" He had no need to say: "Let there be song!" because immediately the morning stars sang together. "Whenever and wherever created things," writes F. W. Borehan, "have stood face to face with their Creator, they have straightway burst into melody. The instinct is as old as Time, and as true as the Gospel. In other places if we sing, our melody will be accidental, fortuitous, arbitrary, individual: prompted, it may be, by the whim or caprice of the moment. But when we come into the House of the Lord we all want to sing, and we want to sing our very best, so that the burst of harmony may rise with reverence as well as with rejoicing to the Invisible."

"Let there be light!" God said on that first day, and, when the light flashed forth, the morning stars—the first of choirs—sang joyfully together. And, from that day to this, whenever God clothes Himself with light as with a garment, and appears robed in the splendours of the dawn, the birds of the air have seen to it that a choir to welcome Him is not wanting.

It is true that whenever created beings stand face to face with their Creator they straightway burst into melody. Take two instances: with the religious movement of the sixteenth century, England, to use John Richard Green's fine phrase, became "a nest of singing birds." Spenser, Shakespeare, followed by Ben Jonson, and a host of others. England had known nothing like it. The land became a choir. Within fifty years there arose fifty poets; many were of the first order, and the silence of two centuries was gloriously broken by an unprecedented burst of song. It was like the wakening of the grove to the sunrise.

It was no mere coincidence that led to a precise repetition of the same set of circumstances at the close of the eighteenth century, with all its ponderosity and literary flatulency. England was ablaze with religious fervour. The people again stood face to face with God; and the nation became choral with song; "a nest of singing birds."

Wesley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb; Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore, Byron, Crabbe, Shelley, Thomas Campbell, Walter Savage Landor, Leigh Hunt, and Keats; followed a little later by Keble, Newman, and a score of others. The fact is that the dawn had stolen over the hills, and all the birds awoke to greet it.

And the song always lingers. Nobody nowadays reads Luther's writings, but we all sing Luther's hymn. Nobody but Methodist students now read John Wesley's sermons—and even they do not read them from choice—but we all sing Charles Wesley's hymns. Moody's sermons are forgotten; but Sankey's hymns are all over the world.

On the north side of the Screen, below the piercing, hangs an eighteenth century painted leather altar frontal, on which is portrayed the Annunciation. S. Gabriel salutes our Lady with heavenly melody. So we enter within the choir-screen to sing; Sisters and children, to sing in happiest communion, holding each other in deathless affection, till our voices blend in the perfect minstrelsy of the choir invisible within the Veil.

The Confessional

"Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven." (Ps. xxxii, 1.)

LOVING kindness is the characteristic of a loving and kind heart, and therefore, we find in every Catholic Church the Confessional, which is the Tribunal, not of punishment, but of forgiveness.

Heart-keeping is somewhat like house-keeping. There must be a continual sweeping up of dirt and clearing out of rubbish, a daily washing of dishes. We must bring clean vessels to God. God does not require golden vessels, neither does He ask for silver vessels, but He must have clean vessels. "The Blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth us from all sin."

Over the Confessional in the Chapel is an ancient Calvary from a ruined Church in Flanders not far from Ypres. It consists of carved wooden painted figures of our Blessed Lord and the two thieves. The Impenitent Thief is seen turning his back on our Blessed Lord. The Penitent Thief has done his best. He has turned his face to Jesus. He cannot make, any more than any one of us can make, a full Confession; but as Jeremy

Taylor says, commenting on the great commission to remit and retain sins, the Priest is a judge rather of the person's *penitence* than of his sins. The commission runs, "Whosesoever sins," not "Whatsoever sins." (See Jeremy Taylor, "Dissuasion from Popery." Second Part. Bk. 1. sec. xl, 2.)

In front of the Confessional are fifteenth century oak carvings, the Wise Men presenting gifts to our Saviour; and a figure of Charity.

On the side is a frame containing relics of the holy martyrs, S. Martinian, S. Silvius, S. Darius, and another, who laid down their lives for Christ in Rome and Egypt in the first and second centuries. "These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

A good example is one of the strongest incentives to courage. Woe to us, if we harden our hearts against salutary impressions which the virtue and example of so many saints ought to make upon us. Inspired by their example, we desire to follow in their footsteps. "Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps."

We do not attempt to conceal the fact that we believe in going to Confession. We do not think it honourable to do certain good things privately without teaching them publicly. To do so is to

cultivate a sort of lying which consists in very nearly deceiving your friends without quite deceiving your enemies.

Hardly anything has aroused more deep-seated antagonism than the confessional. It is regarded

THE FONT AND CONFESSIONAL

by those who do not know it first-hand, never having used it, as an invasion of the individual conscience, a source of weakness to the will, a desecration of the privacy of domestic life, and a dangerous tool of priestcraft.

On the contrary, it has manifold advantages to the individual and to society, and has its source in a fundamental need.

The natural origin and fountain-head of confession is to be found in an instinct of human nature, which leads us to communicate to others any strong emotion present to the soul, any powerful influence engendering in us joy or sorrow, hope or fear, self-approbation or self-reproach. A sense of guilt is, of all emotions which affect the soul, the one which causes the most deeply-rooted misery, and is the most destructive of true peace. Shame, self-reproach, fear, remorse, disgust at the thought of the past, and despondency at the prospect of the future, all combine to make life almost intolerable. The desire to have wiped out that which is the source of our mental suffering sometimes becomes irresistible. Almost every one has listened to the confidences of some friend who poured forth the honest and self-accusing story of his past misdeeds. The fact of the relief that it affords is undeniable.

The confessional is not only a means of ob-

taining forgiveness from God, it furnishes also a counsellor who is perfectly unprejudiced, whose one and only desire is to promote the happiness and well-being of the penitent, who speaks with the authority belonging to his office, whose long experience gives weight to his words, and who, above all, knows the severe account that Almighty God will exact of him, and the awful responsibility of the task entrusted to him. He knows that if he swerves one hair's-breadth from the law of God, in the advice given, out of any human respect, or desire to please, or any other inferior motive, he will be guilty of a sin before God. What better means than this could be devised for giving peace to troubled souls, or for settling doubts and difficulties that, to those who are entangled in them, often seem insoluble?

Last of all: "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

THE SACRISTY

The Sacristy

"Thou hast set my feet in a large room."
(Ps. xxxi, 9.)

"HE garnished the house with precious stones for beauty." A rolling stone gathers no moss. Time was when we were inclined to resent the implication of that proverb, and to ask: "Who wants to gather moss, except silly old ladies?" But for all that we begin to perceive that the proverb is right. The rolling stone, echoing from rock to rock, is dead. The silent moss is alive.

Our Lord delights to glorify the commonplace. He loves to fill the common waterpots with His mysterious wine. He chooses the earthen vessels into which to put His treasure. He calls obscure fishermen to be the ambassadors of His grace. He proclaims His great Gospel through provincial dialects. He turns common meals into sacraments. He makes even our Sacristy a treasure-house.

This large room was built for us in the year 1922. It contains among other things:—

A Calvary of carved and painted wood, seventeenth century, over the Vesting Table. On a panel at the back are painted the Blessed Virgin and

S. John, with sun and moon. Our Lord's feet rest on a skull. Above the frame is painted: *"Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos?"* ("If God be for us, who can be against us?") At the foot of the picture is, *"Xte protege nos."* ("Christ protect us.")

A wrought-iron Calvary of early Italian workmanship probably came from an iron sanctuary gate or chapel screen. Embroidered pictures in black frames show S. Anne teaching our Lady and a Guardian Angel with Child. These are appropriate because of the patronal feast, S. Anne, and the Dedication feast, the Guardian Angels. A curious eighteenth century painting from a Spanish Convent represents the Good Religious. It shows a child nun on a Cross holding in her right hand a discipline, and in her left hand a lighted torch. Above her is our Blessed Lord holding out to her the crown of life; He is saying: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." Cherubs are seen above the inscription. Below the cross are representations of the world (a man in eighteenth century dress), the flesh (a naked cupid), and the devil (a dragon), firing darts of temptation.

Other interesting things in the Sacristy are a Roman Sepulchral Urn of the second or third century that once contained the relics of martyrs;

(inscribed on it is: *"sancta sanctorum," i.e.,* "holy things of holy persons"); and a pair of tongs used in making sacred wafers to be consecrated at the Mass. These baking-irons were dug up in a Suffolk fen. Suffolk is probably the least travelled and the least known of English counties. It is on the high road to nowhere; a country of windmills and scattered villages, of noble churches, of park-like woodlands, alternating with pasture and plough-lands and stretches of flat heath with "lilied lowland streams." In Suffolk life goes on today in many places much as it did half a thousand years ago. The little river Lark still flows undisturbed through the peaceful vale over which the towers of Bury St. Edmunds stand sentinels, and not far from which the old holy irons were found.

On a beam in the Sacristy hangs an old iron discipline given by the custodian of a defunct (perhaps rightly defunct) Italian monastery. A tradition attached to the unwholesome looking weapon is, that, with it long ago, a novice flogged himself to death. Over it was inscribed: *Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis.*

Forgive all this tediousness of description. Like the lady in the Rosary song we love to count our treasures "every one apart," and linger over their history and merits. "They come gathered from the

east and from the west, at the word of the Holy One."

In the windows are painted medallions from Belgium, and small fragments of glass from thirteenth century windows smashed in the choir of S. Etienne, Châlons-sur-Marne; other bits of stained glass were brought by soldiers and nurses during the Great War from churches at Albert on the Somme, in Rheims and Verdun, hopelessly wrecked by the Germans. Such fragments have their own eloquence. Pray God that the day may quickly come when swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and nations shall learn war no more. We love the windows for their holy associations. Facing east and west, they let in light and colour also, for there are saints in some of the window panes and the sun shines through them as it always does through saints. How often we spoil the shining surface of life by our black lines of unkindness, drawn through and through, as if ominously, for a game of fox and geese. Let this be said, that, however imperfect our practice may be, we think it good to live in a house with windows on every side, so as to catch both the morning and evening sunshine; that is the best and brightest thing, to say nothing about the justest and the wisest.

Other objects of interest are the Jacobean table, the curiously embroidered pictures, and the old terra-cotta S. Anne.

Adjoining the Sacristy is a cell for the use of visiting priests. Hanging on the wall of the cell are an old painted wooden crucifix, a carved wooden relief of our Lady of the Scapular, and two pictures of the Blessed Virgin painted on glass, all very simple and interesting. Then there is a piece of linen from Bavaria showing Caleb and Joshua, the faithful Spies, carrying grapes of Eshcol, and a batik representing The Prayer of S. Anne, by the Princess Yashville, a Russian refugee. This piece of coarse linen was painted on the island of Antigone in the Sea of Marmora. Here also the sunshine has a colour and substance to it which is not so much in evidence elsewhere. It takes up room!

Do not be impatient at such trifles being written down. After all, what better can we tell one another than these little things? Each is a note in the great music book, which historians and critics never open, but which contains all that is worth our singing. Sometime—somewhere—meanwhile *benedicite*.

SAINT DOMINIC

S. Dominic

"And He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray." (S. Luke xviii, 1.)

IN a niche used as a credence at the Epistle side of the High Altar is a kneeling Figure of S. Dominic, of an ancient workmanship in oak, holding a Rosary. The beads are cherry stones carved in Japan. Each bead shows four monks meditating in pairs. Not far from this spot the Sisters keep their perpetual intercession before the Blessed Sacrament, saying the Rosary, remembering all the time that Jesus Christ *Emmanuel, "God with us"*—is truly present in the Tabernacle, the very same of Whom the Nicene Creed tells us at Mass, *"for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man; Who was crucified also for us . . . and was buried . . . Who rose again the third day according to the Scriptures, and ascended into Heaven;"* the same Jesus that sent the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, and gave Him to us in Confirmation; Who preserved His Mother's pure

body from corruption, and assumed it into Heaven, where He crowned her with the brightest diadem of glory; the same Jesus Who will be our Judge, and Who will crown us, too, if we look up to Him.

The method of prayer, called the Rosary, consists of a series of acts of praise, of confidence, of love, and of intercession, mingled with meditation upon certain Mysteries of the Gospel.

A famous picture, the *Madonna of the Rosary,* in the gallery of Bologna, by Domenico Zampieri, commonly called Domenichino, who died at Naples in 1641, shows the Blessed Virgin seated on clouds, with S. Dominic holding a Rosary before her. The Holy Child wears a short blue tunic. His right hand is full of roses, red and white, which He is showering down to earth from a golden vase supported by three lovely child-angels.

On one side a nimbus of angels and cherubs weep over the instruments of the Passion—the cross, the chalice, the scourge, the napkin, the crown of thorns. On the other, angels and cherubs exult over the emblems of triumph—crowns, lilies, the Gospel, the Ascension, the *Gloria in Excelsis.* At the feet of our Lady and the Holy Child kneels S. Dominic, looking earthward; the Rosary, of which he was the originator, is in his hand. He is pointing to the Virgin, as though

to show the acceptable nature of the devotion. Below is all the tumult and misery of earth, but all the sufferers rely on prayer as illustrated by the rosaries which they hold.

Two lovely children play with a rosary. A sick man is outstretched on a mat, his wife embracing him, and both intercede with a rosary. Maidens attacked by furious armed men cling to their rosaries, and the saints at the right of these scenes of violence also hold them in their hands. It means that all alike, saints and sinners, sufferers and holy innocents, depend on prayer.

This rosary, which, as a crown of roses, we lay at the feet of our Blessed Lord, was called by Father Faber a "Chain of Final Perseverance."

It offers a possible remedy for wandering thoughts in prayer. Often when praying one is conscious of a sort of undercurrent of thought on some totally different subject. The rosary deals with this undercurrent of thought, calling upon us to concentrate the whole mind on portions of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

S. Dominic was the founder of the famous order of Friar-preachers. He shares with S. Francis of Assisi the honour of inaugurating a new kind of monastic life. Before him the ruling idea had been separation—separation from the world in order to find God, and to save the world by prayer.

S. Francis and S. Dominic introduced a new thing. Their brethren were to renounce the world, and to save it not by leaving it, but by mingling with it, and by engaging in active mission work.

The Dominican habit is a white tunic, scapular, and hood over which is worn a black mantle, hence their name the Black Friars.

By the use of the Rosary S. Dominic kept constantly before an unlettered people the Mysteries of the Incarnation, Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, and the glorious rewards of the life of the world to come in heaven.

All that is required for its use is the knowledge of the Creed, Our Father, Hail Mary (the angelical salutation), and Glory be. To this day it provides for the majority of Christians the simplest form of a sustained public or private devotion.

Surely such a prayer as this may provide for those who are heavy laden a good way of coming to Jesus.

A prayer so much used and so well loved and so long tested seems as if it must have been inspired by Him Who has put the spirit of His Son into the hearts of His children.

In the old days, a soldier used to put his hands between the hands of his lord before he took

service in his regiment, and promised by that to be his lord's man. The Rosary is rather like that. We put our hands between the hands of God, and we leave it all to Him, becoming His children. "Our Father," we say again and again, or "Mother, Mother, Mother."

> "He will smile that children's praise
> Has not changed from earliest days."

But how little need there is for versification when every little child in the house is an original poem from the hand of God Himself. Verse is sophisticated; poetry is not. Poetry is a necessity, verse a luxury. One is salted almonds, the other is bread; one is "all that ever went with evening dress," the other all that goes with God, Man, Nature, what you will.

Our work goes on, in one sense small and insignificant, though really we have no measuring rods for ascertaining what is great or small in work given us to do. And as for prayer, there is no measuring of that. Honest work is good, but it is not always worshipful. Love works mightily for its object, but none the less it craves direct expression. Knightly feats will never supersede the hunger for sweet phrase. Words alone are nothing, but works alone can never give heart's-ease.

CRUCIFIX AT EAST END OF CHAPEL

The Stone Crucifix

"Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden." (S. John xix, 41.)

THE Stone Figure of our Blessed Lord reigning from the Tree upon the Chapel apse suggests the possibility of an altar there some day.

Christ Crucified cannot be too often displayed to us. He is generally shown by means of a Suffering Figure with bleeding hands and thorn-crowned brow; that is good. It is the Cross of Good Friday, as touching as it is true. But our Blessed Lord may also be exhibited reigning from the Tree, robed and crowned. This is the older form of the Crucifix in Art; our Saviour vested in dalmatic as a Deacon at Mass, with coronet, not crown of thorns this time, and with a pose and visage denoting the triumph of Easter.

In such a fashion He is portrayed on the outside of the Chapel; our risen Lord presenting to us a symbol of the victory secured to us in the Resurrection. Facing the sun-rising, we can look beyond the dark veil, and see the hills tipped with Easter joy.

The Feet of our Lord are placed side by side instead of one over the other as in some Byzantine pictures. Velazquez, the great Spanish artist, whose Crucifixion hangs on the wall of the Prado Gallery in Madrid, shows the Feet side by side; and it is interesting to recall that when summoned before the Inquisition to answer why he had introduced such a novelty, he replied: "The better to show clearly to all who look at the Crucifixion that Five Wounds were inflicted on our Lord."

Above the Crucified is a large block of rose quartz, at His feet are fragments of crystal quartz. Below the Crucifix grow lilies, and in front are strong, sweet trees, like brawny men with virgin hearts. Trees that ever lift their arms toward Him who hangs on the Cross, obeying the injunction of the Apostle, praying always—the great uncomplaining trees, whose life is so fine because it consists of a continual growth and being beautiful.

The realistic way and the ideal way of presenting the Crucifixion of our Blessed Lord, each has its own place. The ideal is characteristic of the Middle Ages, the realistic is more of our own day.

In the realistic picture every effort is made to reproduce the Crucifixion just as it actually happened. The wounded Sufferer hangs in torture

upon the Cross. In the ideal representation our Lord Christ is like a majestic King, crowned and reigning from the Tree. If other figures are introduced, they are not Roman soldiers or fanatical priests, they are those of the period, and the landscape is that with which the artist is familiar.

The idealistic portrayal of the Passion is most true. The Crucifixion is not merely a past event. It represents a continuous appeal. The soldiers and the Jewish crowd, that shabby Cross of Roman making, have disappeared as shadows. The great Cross of the Divine Passion is planted in the heart of the Church and of the human race for ever. The appeal is made to each generation. It is addressed as literally to us of the twentieth century as to men and women of the fourteenth or of the first century. It is an incessant appeal, with an incessant acceptance or rejection.

Facts? Certainly; but which is the fact? That or this? While both are true, which is nearer to absolute truth—the Christ of the Sorrowful Way, or Christ reigning from the Tree? Christ triumphant at the right hand of God?

You can hardly save the little white moth from her candle, once she has felt it shining in her eyes; just so, some charm of light from the Crucifix, some clear illumination from Calvary that reaches far beyond human reason draws souls like a mag-

net and a destiny. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." To observers the cross seemed to be not the beginning, but the end; not victory, but defeat. To our Blessed Lord it was glorification. "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. . . . Father glorify Thy Name. Then came a voice from Heaven, saying, I have both glorified it and will glorify it again." In every life there is a cross. Some sink under the weight of their cross and lie still under it as though it were their gravestone; some carry it stumbling, often falling, but bravely pressing on; others carry their cross with a straight back and a smiling face, not calling people to come and pity them; and some there are who lift their cross high and carry it gaily as if it were a banner, and when the sun shines it gleams with light, flashing brightness, and men look and wonder how a cross can be so glorious.

It doth not yet appear whether this one or that one will live in a gay rhythm of dance and joy around the clear shining or drop dead in the flame, and it really does not matter. Like the poor moth we can neither live nor die without it.

Calvary is the true Academy of love. Our Lord, very God, truly Man, Priest and Victim, King and tragic Sufferer, is the Schoolmaster. If you want a school where unselfishness is taught and

revealed, come to the Academy of Calvary! The teaching is superlatively impressive, and even the dullest scholar makes progress in the class where Jesus is the Teacher, saying "Learn of Me." The Death and Passion of our Saviour is the gentlest, and at the same time the most powerful lesson which can animate our hearts in this mortal life; and it is quite true that the mystical bees make their most excellent honey in the wounds of this Lion of the tribe of Judah, Who was killed, shattered and rent on Mount Calvary. Out of death, which destroys all things, has come forth the meat of our consolation; out of death, which is stronger than all things, has come forth the sweetness of the honey of Divine Love!

OUR LADY'S SHRINE

The Seated Madonna

"I am the Mother of fair love, and fear and knowledge and holy hope. . . . My Memorial is sweeter than honey, and mine Inheritance than the honey-comb."
(Ecclus. xxiv, 18, 20.)

A COMMON fault in the making of gardens by the inexperienced seems to be the cutting up of small spaces of lawn by sprinkling them with trees, shrubs, and flower-beds, destroying the feeling of space and giving them an uneasy rather than a restful air.

Trees or very large shrubs should not in general be set close to the house, but smaller objects, climbing plants and little shrubs, which may disguise the crudeness of basal lines and tie the house naturally to the earth. Hollyhocks, larkspurs, and all tall, graceful perennials, are commonly best placed along a fence or boundary line.

It is well with new enterprises to begin rather simply, letting them slowly grow upon us. When in the year 1911 a beautiful oaken image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, holding in her lap the Infant Saviour, was presented to us, a suitable place was found for it on the far edge of the

lawn, facing the Guest House, at the entrance to the Wishing Gate Path, with a background of birches and encompassed by a hedge of hemlocks.

The statue is a replica of the famous representation of our Blessed Lord and His Mother over the altar in the crypt chapel at Chartres. It was carved by one who long played the part of Petrus in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.

Five times over at the beginning of the Gospel, the Holy Spirit inspired S. Matthew to write of "the young Child and His Mother." Always the young Child first, but always with His Mother. Throughout its entire history, Christianity has coupled the names of Jesus and Mary, the Son and the Mother. In modern unbelief Protestantism is reaping the inevitable harvest that was sown in the sixteenth century, when, under the plea of honouring Jesus, Mary was dishonoured. Fanatical short-sightedness that looked to see honour continuously given to a Son Whose Mother was despised or ignored! Self-stultifying iconoclasm, which would cut in two that image of united Mother and Child that once witnessed to the Faith in every Christian Church!

This garden statue might be called The Enthronement of Jesus. How can any child live except on its mother's breast? How can Jesus be held up for the adoration of mankind, unless Mary be the pedestal that holds Him aloft for man's wor-

ship? Are the richest gems to have only the meanest settings? The error which dragged Mary down and away from her Son, lest man should give her more honour than was her due, has led (because Mother and Son cannot be separated contrary to nature) to the heresy of today which dethrones Jesus to occupy a place beside His Mother as a mere human being.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

In the days of His humiliation our Lord was enthroned first in His Mother's lap and last upon the altar of the Cross. Now He is enthroned in highest Heaven, and on earth upon the altar of the Most Holy Sacrament, and forever in the hearts of His children.

In the month of May at the time of the May Queen and of the May-Pole dance, this statue of Our Lady is crowned. A procession is formed, torches are lighted, incense blessed, the May Queen comes with her attendants, a banner is carried, an image of S. Joseph also; the priest wears his best cope. At intervals along the path "Sweet Mystical Rose" is sung. When the Statue of Our Lady is crowned, the priest says: "As our hands crown thee on earth, so may we by thy intercession be crowned by thy Son Jesus Christ in heaven."

The Congregation of Rites forbids the carrying of statues by girls in procession. It declares the

custom to be "an abuse not to be tolerated," but surely the circumstance of a female community may be supposed to make a difference. There seem to be just two sorts of people—those who point with pride, and those who view with alarm. We are happy to be of the former class, and it is our hope that the little girls will continue to lift up images to high heaven and in the face of the Sacred Congregation.

As one, writes Lord Halifax, who, in distress at the neglect in which a parent or friend whom he knows to be worthy of all honour and love seems to be held by the world around, will make it his care to record the praises of her whom he loves, so do the children love to place a wreath of flowers upon the head of our Blessed Lady, the Queen of Heaven.

Most glorious Lady, to whom it has been given to sit beside thy Son on His blessed throne in Heaven, help us to attain to the like glory!

Most blessed Mother, with whom we are one in the fellowship of thy Son, help us to be free from all spot of sin, as thou, Flower of our race, art spotless and free from all sin in God's sight!

Encourage us, O glorious Virgin Mary, thou "in whose eyes we see all that we would and cannot be," to be perfect as thou art, and help us by thy prayers ever to abide with Jesus.

The Corpus Christi Altar

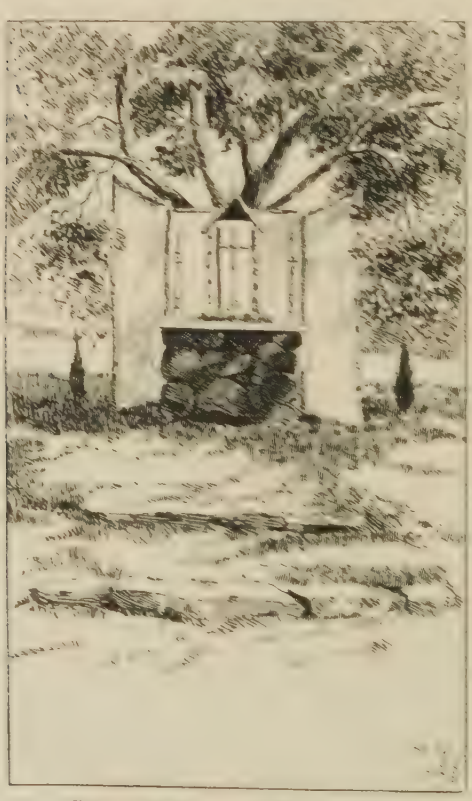
"If thou wilt make an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone." (Exod. xx, 25.)

SO our worship should not be too precisely hewn, there ought to be some spontaneity and abandon about it.

Under an apple tree in the orchard is the Corpus Christi Altar, made of unhewn field stone dug up in the garden; surmounted by a white marble *mensa* with the words CORPUS CHRISTI SALVA ME.

It does not take the invigorating gladness out of the apple trees, making them thus into a sanctuary in which we may worship the Maker of Heaven and Earth. It makes them all the more glorious, beautiful, and mystical. Mysticism is the discovery of a spiritual meaning, or of spiritual life, whether in Scripture or in Nature, where it is not found to be by Reason. The mystic sees God and His Holy Spirit everywhere; his spiritual insight gives a new value to the most commonplace things: hillside, grove, and song birds; the earth and every common sight is to the mystic apparelled in celestial light.

The school of Buddhism and Orientalism tends always to talk of twilight, and of moonlight; that is, of the mixed and vague thing, of the thing



THE CORPUS CHRISTI ALTAR

that is almost something else. True mysticism will have nothing to do with mistiness. It is entirely concerned with absolute things; not with twilight, but with the sacred black darkness, and the sacred white sun.

At least once a year it is important that Mass in the early morning, about sunrise, be celebrated in the orchard. It is said that the fountain of Domremy, in France, was on the brink of a boundless forest, and it was so haunted by fairies that the parish priest was obliged to read Mass there once a year to keep them within decent bounds. That is the way it is with us. There is no doubt that here, if anywhere, the fairies are abominably active; a Mass out-of-doors now and then makes them behave.

The trees on all sides assume every shape that the most intelligent tree can devise in its long, or short, dream of life. Some are like charming dancers waving scarves of silver or gold tinsel according to the season of the year. One is like a burdened man of giant build bending under his load. Another, the Weeping Willow at the foot of the Garden of Truth, stands there like a Magdalen with her hair down all the time. There are a hundred other fascinating camouflages which you may puzzle out for yourself during a retreat.

Most of them resemble sentinels on duty. In

England trees look like gentlemen of leisure. If they do any good it is by a sort of graceful accident. In New England, on the other hand, they are like soldiers. They stand along our roadsides in planned ranks, repelling the infantry of the winds, drawing the artillery of the rain, sheltering, protecting.

By feeding the birds all winter, and by warding off stray cats from the convent garden, the children of the House become a party to a sort of defensive alliance with feathered creatures, so that we have at the Corpus Christi Altar much merry music in spring; and when the trees themselves need protection against insect enemies, there is an aërial squadron to help us repulse the raid.

The hills, mountains, and woods were the first temples of God on earth. It is well for us, who are so much in the habit of associating religion with a building, to remember that the Christians at the beginning worshipped God out under the trees or on the hillside beneath blue, sunny skies. It will not hurt our religion to get it outside in the sunlight. Indeed, it may do us a great deal of good. Every year we have, on or about the Feast of Corpus Christi, a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament out-of-doors, if God be pleased to send us fine weather, and a good part of every Retreat is made under the apple trees. The green grass, the shady

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THE SYMBOL OF MANKIND

trees, and the cloud-flecked sky may sometimes be a greater help to worship than even a magnificent stained-glass window. Our God is the God of Nature; and in what better way can we worship Him than by going out into the midst of all the beauty and loveliness He has made?

All this is in contrast to the busy life of a modern city for which an appropriate text might be that of Nahum ii, 4:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Our own God is a pastoral Divinity, no awful avenging Deity revealing a need for hurry and ways of escape almost too awful to contemplate. We could not survive the thought of such a God for our own. We are *His* heathen—dwellers on the heath—such an unmanageable estate! "I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance," is the promise to our Lord.

At this Altar of the Body of Christ we do beseech Thee, Almighty and Protecting God, that, as not one sparrow is forgotten before Thee, so Thou wouldest ever bless and defend all the small beasts of the field and fowls of the air that Thou hast caused to take refuge in this garden. We pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit and pour into the hearts of Thy children mercy and kindness

THE ORCHARD

towards all Thy dumb creatures, both wild and tame; help us, O Lord, to treat them ever as Thine, so that all the creatures that Thou hast made may live out their lives here in safety and happiness. We humbly beg this in the name of our most gracious and merciful Saviour, Who assureth us of Thy Mercy, Jesus Christ our Lord.

To generous lovers of our Lord and of the religion which He has revealed, a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament comes as a special call. It is a time of pure rejoicing in the Transcendent Sacrament of His Love—a time of lights, incense, and flowers, and of the utmost gratitude and devotion of which we are capable. Such a procession holds a position of peculiar honour and privilege. All that subjects gladly give to a loved earthly sovereign when he goes forth in state; that and much more we rejoice to give to our Lord and Saviour, King of kings.

The Stations of the Cross

"He bearing His Cross went forth." (S. John xix, 17.)

THE Stations of the Cross carved in Ober-Ammergau were placed in the Garden in 1911.

The Way of the Cross is a method of prayer. It is also a miniature pilgrimage. It is good to be able, since we cannot go to the Holy Land itself, to join even in this make-believe pilgrimage, which only takes a few minutes, and which helps us to understand something of the love and suffering of our Saviour. At each Station we may look up to our Blessed Lord, and ask Him to let us have a share in His Passion.

The Way of the Cross is a prayer which enables us to endure neglect and injustice; and for this reason, among others, it is most dear to suffering souls and aching hearts.

The Way of the Cross is a striking image of our life. We are all journeying towards a more or less distant Calvary. At the first station of this journey we are condemned to death; at the last, we are laid in the grave. Between those two,

I am small,
On my knees I fall
At Jesus' feet, and give my love,
My heart, my all!

(From the German)

A GARDEN STATION

what trials, what sufferings, what struggles, and, alas! what falls! These are the intermediate stations of our journey; and the sorrowful Stations of our Saviour teach us how we should behave in ours—that is, how we should obey, rise again when we have fallen, endure, and be silent. His silence speaks to us, His sufferings teach us, His patience edifies us, His charity wins us. We may find, if we wish, in each Station, a lesson, and an encouragement for every situation of the soul.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be My disciple." This is the real Invention of the Cross—that is the discovery which is the spiritual heart of the Festival that is kept on the third of May. This is a quest upon which we must all set forth. The sign of the Son of Man is the outward Cross. We only know its true significance when it is enshrined in our own hearts in the realization of a sacrificial life. Thus we are led on, year by year, to the observance of another beautiful solemnity which introduces the autumnal Ember-tide—another Feast of the Holy Cross. This is its Exaltation, September the fourteenth.

It would be no bad account of the true life of a Christian to say that it consists in the Discovery and Exaltation of the Cross. Whenever a duty is recognized the Cross is found—whenever it is done the Cross is exalted.

"From pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with Christ we go.
See how the Precious Blood
At every Station flows;
Was ever grief like His?
Was ever sin like ours?"

The charm of these Stations of the Cross is enhanced by their position among the bushes. Under the dark quietness of the trees along the Station Path, there spring up, year by year, such a company of joyful flowers as one hardly knows the like of elsewhere among all the blessings of earth. In the Spring especially do they come forth in clusters, crowded for very love: there is room enough for all, but they curl their leaves into all manner of strange shapes, only to be nearer each other. The beauty of nature is one thing, the beauty of art is another. William Morris, with all his love of the wild beauty of weeds and meadows, said a garden should by no means imitate either the wilfulness or the wildness of nature, but should look like a thing never to be seen except near a house.

Our poverty prevents us from doing more for this lovely part of the garden, even if we wished. In point of fact we are well content to have it with all its wildness as the angels and birds have contrived it.

It is said that the love of scenery came in with Wordsworth. Certainly the eighteenth century, which was educated in the classics, pronounced crag and torrent to be "horrid," and the Rousseau reaction led to much sentimentality and gush about "nature." But the admiration of natural objects associated with the Lake School was too self-conscious, and many of the twentieth century nature books also are too apt to look at natural objects apart from God, to be entirely wholesome.

What a delicate sympathy with this sweet earth is suggested by the exquisite background of the old Umbrian painters, which yet are never allowed to be more than backgrounds to saintly figures or to mysteries of faith. They are, like our own convent garden, the setting of the picture, not the picture itself. If instead of a gem, or even of a flower, we can cast a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that is giving as the Angels give. Let us store up lovely memories of the Stations of the Cross, and be faithful. Pray God that the holiness of beauty may lure us on to the beauty of holiness. That seeing God in everything may lead us to show Him in everything, even along the Way of the Cross.

The Guardian Angel Rock

"Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." (Exod. xxiii, 20.)

IT was in June, 1922, that Italians were digging in the orchard for stones with which to build the Sacristy. Presently among many smaller stones a large boulder, worn smooth almost to a point by glaciers of perhaps fifty thousand years ago, was uncovered. The point of the stone was buried eight feet in the ground. A labourer said it seemed as if it were meant to indicate some portent. Something macrocosmic pointing to the microcosmic. "O ye frost and cold, O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

Now and again while the rock was being heaved up one caught a pleasant-sounding Italian word—"impossibilissimo"—but it evidently meant nothing, the rock continued its upward progress.

Our chief difficulty lay with Labour Unions. A whole book might be written on how they raise

the cost and lower the quantity, as well as the quality, of work done. However, the subject is not ripe.

"We dig and heap, lay stone on stone
Through the long days and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern."

—*Matthew Arnold.*

The Guardian Angel that now crowns the rock is an attempt to tear aside the shadows that hide the real world from our eyes, to lift the veil of appearances and to reveal the eternal, inner realities. We live and move in a world of profound and ineffable mystery, and that mystery can never be solved by reason. Only when illuminated by the Holy Spirit can we peer beyond the barrier and comprehend something of the glory that is about us. The Angel on the Rock is to us but a hieroglyph, the symbol of a hidden glory; indeed, all art is like the flickering candle of the human soul, stumbling in the black void of transitory, external surfaces. We see the Symbol or Sign and adore, beneath the outward and perhaps unlovely accidents, the very presence and eternal indwelling of God Who gives His Angels to guard us and our children.

The care of little children is always committed to angelic guardianship, as our Lord Him-

THE ANGEL ROCK

self testifies. Hence they who have children within their house may be certain that they have therein the presence of angels; they who take little children into their arms may be assured that they take angels. Whosoever surrounded with midnight darkness, with storm and tempest round about, rests beside an infant, may enjoy the certain consolation that with the child she is so protected that the spirit of darkness cannot have access.

How great is the importance of these truths! They are more important than modernistic criticisms, whether high or low. Those keen-eyed individuals who are determined at all hazards to be "faithful" are generally as disagreeable as they are faithful, and in their work of pulling out motes their awkwardness is so exasperating as to lead one to consider them not ministering angels but new incarnations of the spirit of evil, against which the Christian warrior must learn to stand. The ordinary self-appointed critic of creed, character or conduct has a place in God's plan of creation, but what it is has not yet been definitely ascertained.

There is not a word of preface when we first hear of an "Angel of the Lord." (Gen. xvi, 7.) Those for whom the account was written were supposed to be familiar with the thought of angelic

visits. That He should send His messengers to the earth belonged to the idea of God commonly entertained. When the angel appears to Hagar, he comes with no preparation, no display, no consternation. Nor is there any explanation of how they come and go. This phenomenon is not strange; for all God's ways, when He brings spiritual mysteries into contact with human beings, are conformable to the law—simple assertion of the fact, complete silence as to the mode.

Italians have been our friends from the start. Without them we could not have built and furnished the Chapel and Sacristy, nor could we have made our Garden. How is it that the foremost man in almost every branch of human pursuit has been a native of down-trodden Italy or some adjacent island? Cæsar, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Fra Lippo Lippi, Galileo, Messofanti, Dante, Columbus, Napoleon, Garibaldi, Galvani, Marconi, Caruso,—to name only a few,—the list could hardly be more complete. And here we have this ancient stone dug up for us by Italians. Once more it is exposed to the polishing elements. Old haunts persist. The drowsy Fido turns round and round, making himself comfortable in the imaginary herbage of the playroom floor. What his wild ancestors did many thousand years ago he is doing tonight. The past

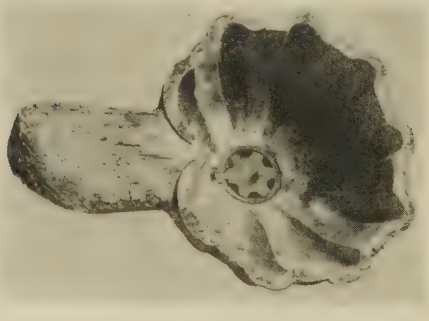
is not dead. As with the dog, so with other animals. The horse that shies at a sudden movement in the fence or hedgerow is reacting to the suggestion of a snake that bit his ancestor's heel.

MARY ST. JOHN SHEPHERDING
HOPE RICHMOND AND POLLY MOULTON

And does not the fond Sister, in reproaching Justin Patrick or John Lester Carew for the wear and tear of his jacket in the course of arboreal excursions, call him, "You little monkey"? That is proof positive; the past lingers in the present, the present in the past.

The side of the Angel Rock has cavities and seams where rock-plants, ferns, and mosses cling and blossom. On the stone seat around the base, Retreatants make their meditation and children play.

The Feast of Guardian Angels is our Dedication Festival. May God Who in His unspeakable Providence has been pleased to send His holy angels to be our keepers; grant unto His humble servants who call upon Him, that we may be evermore defended by their protection, and at length rejoice in their everlasting company; through Jesus Christ our Lord.



OLD LAVABO BASIN IN SACRISTY
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

The Peace Rock

"Let the Peace of God rule in your hearts." (Col. iii, 15.)

THE Peace Rock was dug out from the corner of the orchard as a monument to the children of Europe and America, victims of the Great War. The lichen-covered boulder is surmounted by a limestone representation of two children, carved by the sculptor, Angelo Lualdi; after the model of Andrea del Sarto. The cherubs each bear a small scroll, on one of which is inscribed, *"Salvete flores martyrum."* ("Hail, flowers of martyrdom"), and on the other, *"Pueris puellisque victimis belli."* (To the boys and girls, victims of war.) This last scroll bears the ineffaceable dates, mcmxiv—mcmxviii.

So in this corner of the garden we look back. There is no room for doubt about it—the world, in places, is moving backwards very fast. Not to speak of the reviving interest in the Georgians —the eighteenth century ones—there is quite a general disposition to go back even further in order to find models for life and thought. How far the reaction will carry us it would be vain to

prophesy; here in a twentieth century convent garden there is much that belongs to a time long past. It is true that we use a telephone, drive in a car, and play the latest games when we can, still these are mere incidentals; most of us have the strictly crinolined, if not the beruffed, mind.

But if you would see how a land on which God has bestowed the blessing of peace moves forward, for the honour of this countryside put on your seven-leagued boots. Take half a step to the north, Lexington way, and you may straddle thirty thousand peach trees and a hundred thousand apple trees, and a two hundred thousand dollar crop of strawberries. One step to the east, and you may stand knee-deep in celery beds that have more shades of green than a million dollars' worth of emeralds. Take three steps south, Foxboro way, and lose yourself amid a network, a web, a maze of the loveliest lakeside lanes and woodland roads that were ever seen. A rolling country, gentle and soft-spoken in its beauty; but once heard, holding the lingering note of a bell of bronze.

Where else may one find an equal diversity in trees, flowers, and grasses; in houses of colonial red-brick, wood or stone, or in the beat of everyday hearts? Along the roads maples; within the woods, the ghostly shadbush and dogwood in sea-

sonal white procession; in the open, pointed red cedars and feathered pines. Of flowers, a legion, from violets and golden marsh marigolds of spring, through Joe pye-weed, to the purple asters and goldenrod of autumn.

The little group on the top of the rock is about three feet high. The rock itself, on which grow ferns, rock-plants, and harebells, is called the Peace Rock because it was uncovered of earth in the first year of peace, 1918. God grant that we may some day be counted worthy of these blameless holy innocents, "bruised for our iniquities."

A little while, and we shall know where all our vanished children go. A little while, and we shall hear the Child's soft footfall drawing near. The Child Who our dead children takes in His keeping for their sakes.

O Jesu, Jesu! in Thy rest may all our vanished ones be blest.

In front of the Peace Rock is a pool of goldfish and water-lilies. The little amphitheatre is often used for Retreat Addresses and for Plays.

"In Paradise reposing,
By life's eternal well,
The tender lambs of Jesus
In greenest pastures dwell.

There palms and tiny crownlets
  Aglow with brightest gem,
Bedeck the baby martyrs
  Who died in Bethlehem.

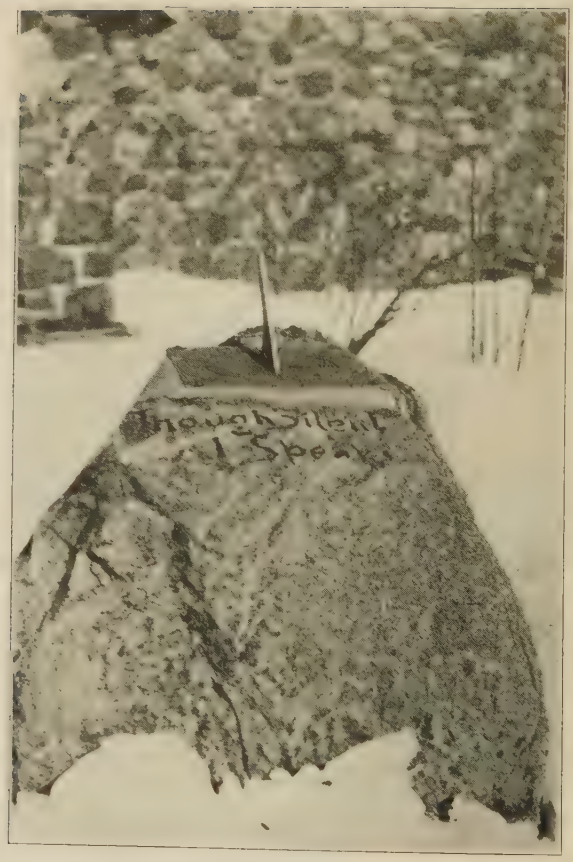
With them, in peace unending,
  With them in joyous mirth,
Are all the stainless infants
  Which since have gone from earth.

O Jesu, loving Shepherd,
  Who tenderly dost bear
Thy lambs in Thine own bosom,
  Bring us to join them there."

—R. F. Littledale.

"Blessed are the peacemakers for," their peculiar happiness is, "they shall be called the children of God." Let us pray with S. Ignatius Loyola:—

Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to ask for any rest; to labour for peace and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy Will.



THE SUN-DIAL IN WINTER

The Sun-Dial

"The time is short." (1 Cor. vii, 29.)

HAT is what the sun-dial has to say. It was made by J. Cutler, in Salem, 1779. On the rock pedestal is carved the legend, "Though silent, I speak." In that motto lies the secret of the power and living charm of all gardens—a secret the meaning of which is precipitated by the alchemy of silence. For a garden is silent to the ear only; to every other sense it is eloquent and musical. It is in silence that a garden blossoms, without boasting of what it is going to do. Once it has blossomed, it speaks the universal language that all can understand.

Around the base of the sun-dial grow flowers of the *sedum,* or stonecrop species, in yellow, white, and pink. What lessons we may learn from the flowers! How retired they are! How they'd ruin their charm were they to throng out into the highway crying out: "Admire me, I am a violet! Love me, I am a primrose."

From this spot may be had a prospect which is much the same as was obtained half a century ago. The birches, pines, and maples still stand

within their cincture of mild hills, entirely hiding from view the not so beautiful periphery of late nineteenth century examples of domestic architecture.

Owing to Daylight Saving, or Summer Time, a war measure, that might well have been relegated to oblivion with all the other nightmares of that period, the sun-dial is an hour wrong during summer. The device is said to suit the majority, but how does any one know that? Anyway, there are thousands of people, such as street car employees, farmers, milkmen, priests, Sisters, and others, whose business requires early rising at all times, say from 4.30 to 6 A.M.; they are asked to get up an hour earlier every day and fool themselves by looking at the clock into believing that they've had a regular night's sleep. Daylight saving compels us to put our children to bed long before sundown, and, more than that, the trick makes the sun-dial ridiculous for half the year, that is, if a century-old thing, so silent and dignified, can be made ridiculous.

We talk of spending Time, wasting Time, passing Time, putting off Time, killing Time. The Bible speaks of "redeeming the Time," or "making our market of Time." For time is like an old pedlar with a richly laden pack, and every

hour brings us the chance to purchase a bit of a habit, a seed of character, a root of grace, and every time we refuse to make our market with Time, it will be a harder price he will ask when he comes our way again.

It is told how a wise woman once came to a king of Rome and offered him twelve books, for a thousand talents. He refused; it was too high a price.

The sybil burned three books and offered the nine which remained, but now for three thousand talents. Again the king refused.

She burned three more books, and offered the remaining six for six thousand talents. Again the king refused.

Three more were burned and the last three offered, now for nine thousand talents.

The king had begun to feel afraid of the strange old woman, and to understand that a great treasure was slipping past him. So he bought the last three books, and they were well worth buying; but it was only three that he got, and at a hard price, when he might have had the twelve for so much less, if he had but "made his market with Time."

Time is like those books of the sybil. At first it is plentiful; we have time for everything, we think, and we are careless of Time. But as

we grow older, we find we have less and less and it is more and more precious, and we would like to have again the Time we wasted, but lost Time is never found again.

Don't let Time's market go past you. It is easier now to pray, easier now to make your confession, easier now to come to your Communion, easier now to give your heart to God. Easier now than it ever will be; each day you wait makes it harder.

Remember the lesson of the Sun-Dial. "The Time is short." So let us "Walk in wisdom, redeeming the Time—making our market with Time."

Writing in *The Spectator* some years ago, Mr. Murray Wilson drew attention to the fact that one of a child's most vital beliefs is that each day is a lifetime. Grown-up people talk sadly of leaving their life work unfinished; and, when that befalls a man, what regret can be more passionate? And yet we fail to appreciate the same noble passion in our children. When the awful voice proclaims "bed-time" it is as the crack of doom. No future life can compensate the child for having made a failure of this.

And then he is much more alive, more energetic than one who is grown up. Waking time is far too short to give full play to his capacities. He

only craves to use them to the full; and you arrest him in full course by driving him to bed. The time for bed is when he feels sleepy, not when you think he ought to feel sleepy. He is quite logical, and you are merely unreasonable. The hypocritical pretense that "it is for his good" does not deceive him. How can it be good to waste precious and irrevocable time in doing the wrong thing? The naked truth is that he is sent to bed for the convenience of his elders. They wish to get down to their trashy books, their monotonous knitting, their so-called recreation; and so they "butcher" his day to give themselves an extra hour's holiday.

Of course when he is actually tucked into bed, he meets the situation squarely, and, generally speaking, goes to sleep at once. Bed is designed for sleep, and the sooner one gets to sleep the sooner one will wake and begin to live once more.

Only the babies have plenty of time. They have all the time there is. The tiny loiterers of Childhood have conquered the severe and senior world of literature as they do the stranger in the street. They have made their way into all the galleries of prose and poetry; out of all the tempest of "Macbeth," the chirruping boldness of Macduff's little son is heard; and we have the spectacle of Elia, the bachelor, writing the per-

fections of his master humanities on childhood. Even the grown-up, somewhat corpulent and mundane eighteenth century could revert with genuine sighs to its own early simplicities. Mark this from Boswell:—

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" *Johnson*: "Why, Sir, I should not much like my company." *Boswell*: "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why, yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." *Boswell*: "But, Sir, does not heat relax?" *Johnson*: "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. A body would not *coddle* the child. . . ."

Certainly not, but if a body hear a baby give a faint, hungry cry, surely, surely not a body'll pass that baby by!

If each body help some baby in this world of strife, babyhood will bless that body, bless him all through life!

S. Raphael's Infirmary

"I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One." (Tobit xii, 15.)

UCH a blessing it is to have an infirmary separate from the other cottages. It is said that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and the more we meditate about this the more respect we have for fools. Take the case of this very hospital. In the year 1915, when the nations were convulsed in the throes of a great world war, we had to go ahead, with only half the necessary money in sight, buy a little vacant lot below the Wishing Gate, and begin to build.

We would have to wait a long time if we stood still until the world's tasks were done by perfect men and women. While angels and saints are huddled together in celestial convention, agreeing that something ought to be done, and feeling unworthy to do it, great causes may be trembling in the balance. So the infirmary was built and furnished. But still we need help from friends

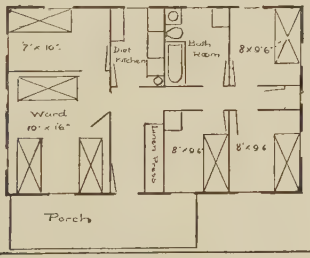
outside. Silver and gold have we none. What lubrication is to an engine, dollars and cents are to a hospital. We would not, as Dr. Johnson said, coddle the children, but we must, as far as possible, provide for them immunity from disease.

Whoever started the theory that whooping-cough, or tonsilitis, measles, mumps, or even scarlet fever, "amount to nothing," that "all children must have them, and the sooner the better," has much to answer for. Most of us know better now, but the cruel wrong done to children by exposing one child of a family to the disease, if another child has it, still remains.

To make no provision for proper isolation in time of epidemics is, in view of our present knowledge of germs, self-evidently barbarous. The great immediate discomfort of diseases, and the serious after-effects upon the eyes, kidneys, ears, or brain cells that often follow, are a sufficient excuse for the building and maintenance of an infirmary, making isolation possible, when there are so many Sisters and children.

Still something more than isolation is necessary. It is good to separate the ill from the well, but if the ill are to be made well they must have plenty of sunshine. Our present infirmary is too far down the hill on a northern slope. Were the money forthcoming we would like to build a small

ST. RAPHAEL'S
HOSPITAL



FLOOR
PLAN

hospital higher up the hill facing the sun; and playrooms also full of light. Sunshine might well be a cure for almost any and all disease. A famous surgeon suggests that this might be the case if sunshine could be brought into our daily lives, and when the sun is absent, light itself. An ideal city would be one of broad streets, flanked by houses in which the present proportion of glass and brick were reversed. If the walls and roofs were of glass, the sunlight, or the pure daylight, would drench the city.

The dwellers in this imaginary city would be a vital, healthy folk. They would breathe pure air. In place of the clothing we tolerate they would have garments permeable by the light, so that every part of the body received, at least, the filtered rays of the sun.

Disease has its stronghold in darkness. Not the clean, healthy darkness of night, but the darkness of narrow streets, unlighted homes, underground rooms. Banish darkness and you banish disease.

"To cure is the voice of the past;
To prevent, the divine whisper today."

Any one with a teaspoonful of imagination will see the importance of sunny rooms for children; with two teaspoonsful, things will begin to happen.

No cottage of the convent is in itself especially beautiful as to the outside, but each cottage is

transformed on the inside of it into something as lovely and warm as a good woman's heart; though, not by any method approved of the modern interior decorator; because, for one thing, the interior decorator requires more or less expensive furnishings, and the Sisters have only their affections to spend on this business.

S. Raphael, Angel of Healing, is our patron. "Canst thou go with me?" said Tobias, "and knowest thou those places well?" To whom the angel said: "I will go with thee, and I know the way well."

The great Archangel has been good in protecting our children from serious ill, and giving us much joy in the days that are past.

"Fair morns to wake on—were they not?
Full of the pigeon's coo and cadence,
Each day a page of Caldecott,
All cream and pretty maidens."

—PATRICK CHALMERS.

It would be easy with three strokes of a pen to twist a chapter like this into a candy shop, or make it as sentimental as the motto on a peppermint heart; caramels are good, but we prefer the tang of a Baldwin from the orchard—bearing also in mind that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," if the apple be well aimed. Saint Raphael, Archangel of God, pray for us.

THE LOWER PART OF THE GARDEN
AS IT WAS IN 1910

The Garden of Truth

"And the Lord God planted a garden."
(Gen. ii, 8.)

THE Garden of Truth, so called because, like Truth, it is rough inside and out, has terraces rising one above the other, with shaggy stone walls from Hillside to Claremont Avenues. S. Audrey's Well is there not far from the foot, and S. Brigid's bird-basin near the top. It is all fair and beautiful now, but when the Sisters looked at it first, there was nothing to be seen but a rubbish dump, with empty tomato cans and broken whisky bottles, for it was before the days of prohibition; an ash-heap was there, toads and poison-ivy, desolation, and—possibilities. The clearing of the ground; the terracing of it with stout stones dug up in the spot; the building of S. Raphael's Infirmary and S. James' playhouse; the planting of the plot with fruit trees, roses, and vegetables; the making of a croquet ground for the children; and later a basket ball and tennis court in Seldom Seen, is the story of how a piece of ground that was cursed and had "fallen" in theological and material sense, has been saved and has become a

Garden of Eden for all lovers of children, for all friends of flowers and birds, and for all who look for God in a garden.

One motive that we have in inviting friends to come and make us a visit is partly explained by the couplet:

> "'Twas pain to have a garden all so fair,
> And not some token to our friends to bear."

Sun, Rain, Frost, and Lichen are for the most part our mural decorators and sculptors. The trees and shrubs do their best; from the crescent of S. Elizabeth's Seat, and from the Eagle's Nest in the oak, there are pleasant pictures of it all; we get our finest paintings from Corot Spring and Turner Autumn.

Coniferous trees will we hope in the future be a conspicuous feature of the convent garden. Unceasing advance in the consumption and consequent cost of timber by all civilized nations having brought about exhaustion to all the more accessible natural forests, it is just as well to begin planting again. The spruce, pine, hemlocks, red cedars, and rhododendrons will help to form a windbreak in winter as well as a screen from curious eyes. In summer the deciduous maples and oaks, birch, sumac, ash, and elms are abundant enough. We have one specimen of the

THE GARDEN OF TRUTH
AS IT NOW IS WITH TERRACES

archaic *Ginkgo biloba,* a gymnospermous tree, with fan-shaped leaves, native to China and Japan, solitary survival of a different and once extensive order, linking the Conifers with the Cycads and Ferns.

Garden-making is a sport less common, more strenuous, and more delightful than mere gardening. It is something between pleasant toil and toilsome pleasure. It is complete, for it means creating a garden where before there was but grass or waste land. That is in theory an enchanting game, for which you need only a large sheet of paper and a box of coloured chalks. Then you map out your beds, plantations, and paths as you please, afterwards filling in details until you have (on paper) a most pleasant and decorative garden. Lines of light green indicate rows of peas, blobs of a darker shade indicate rhododendron bushes, the herbaceous border is covered with red, blue, and yellow dots, showing the colour scheme you propose to make with your peonies, delphiniums, and sunflowers. The theory does not invariably work out in practice.

This garden-making *in principia,* making a garden where there had been no garden before, has been our delightful lot. Only it did not follow any plan prepared for it. As Sir Henry Wotton said long ago: "I must note a certain contrariety

between *building* and *gardening;* for as *Fabricks* should be *regular,* so *Gardens* should be *irregular,* or at least cast into a very mild form of *Regularity.*" So it has been in our own case. Nature has a way of looking after this business where a garden is designed by amateurs. With chalk and paper you may shape it in the neatest fashion, but when you get busy with pick and spade you find that your lines will not go quite as you proposed. In one place you discover a rock which nothing less than dynamite will remove, if it must be set aside; in another you turn aside to elude a pocket of gravel or clay, and by the time you've done, your precise design has become as "irregular" as Sir Henry would desire. And as for the "colour schemes," so alluring on paper, they simply refuse to happen, as every amateur knows, when you pass from the plans to the actual campaign—or (shall we say?) border-warfare.

The Garden was made for God and little children. "My Beloved is gone down into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine: He feedeth among the lilies."

During a Rogation-tide the litany is sung in procession, out of doors, and the garden is blessed with prayer and holy water. Wake-robins are

generally out under the trees; also violets, with lords and ladies. Everything then is moving rapidly and there is a joyful promise of a happy gardening year.

SISTER BRIGID'S BIRD BASIN

The Blessing of the Well and of the whole water supply of S. John's House takes place when the weather permits in the octave of the Ascension. In some parts of England the wells and springs

used to be decorated on Ascension Day. At Lichfield a procession went round to bless them, ending at the well of life—the font in the Cathedral Church; all this in honour of our Ascended Lord in Heaven, the source and fountain of all living water.

"Ubi Aves, Ibi Angeli," inscribed on Sister Brigid's bird-basin in the Garden of Truth, was a saying invented by R. J. Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow, which, as his manner was, he attributed to S. Basil. The phrase well expresses the idea of the sacredness of birds, which seems to have been part of all religions. Certain birds in England were so precious and present in the hearts of people that they acquired a Christian name. Some of these have survived, as Jack Daw, Tom Tit, Robin Redbreast, and Jenny Wren.

Our forefathers had not the cheap press nor tinned food; they believed in miracles and knew little about machinery, but they were able to find joy in the red of a robin's breast, to see in it a sacred meaning, and to weave lovely fancies around it.

The name "Crossbill" tells its own tale. The bird twisted its beak in striving to draw out the nail which transfixed the Saviour's hand. But the legends are endless.

Amid the changes of the sixteenth century the

faculty seems to have been lost. The violet of a legend never bloomed amid the arid wastes of Puritan controversy. The sacred lore of birds and flowers can only blossom in an atmosphere of spiritual leisure and content. But as Hamlet says: "Something too much of this."

A pleasant maxim of old time, to which we have paid heed, directed the gardener to have one corner as Nature planned it for the Little People. Thus welcomed, they might be trusted to show little children goodwill, friendship, and service. As for children—

"They live; we exist,
They feel, we think,
They come; we go.

They play; we fumble,
They dream, awake; we dream, asleep,
They sleep; we toss.

We cannot be,
But let us try."

—Alfred Kreymborg.

The Playground and Gymnasium

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." (Zech. viii, 5.)

"WHERE the heart is, the lungs are close by," is an old saying. So in the year 1916 was built a Gymnasium of stone in honour of S. James, brother of our dear S. John, at the foot of the Garden of Truth, hard by S. Audrey's Well. From the beginning the name of the house has been affectionately abbreviated into "The Gym," or "Our Gym," just as in Oxford undergraduates speak of "Phil Jim," meaning the Church of S. S. Philip and James, or as the simple parishioners of S. Barnabas Church, Oxford, speak of "Our Barnabas."

May God grant that

> "By strength of wall and beam and roof,
> Our house may meet the weather's proof,
> Secure from stroke of frost or sun,
> Here play shall live while life shall run."

Here the youngsters have their parties, here they romp, and, on occasion, even dance, with movements that the Early Victorians would have

described as swanlike—those Early Victorians who wore ringlets, curled their upper lips, had marble brows, and were called Georgiana—swanlike is the word.

Poultry-keepers say that fowls kept on the same ground too many years produce fewer eggs. By

ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF TRUTH

analogy, it is suggested that children remaining too long in one place lose something of their power for work; their output is lessened. They are apt to stagnate.

If in spite of everything, a fowl does not lay, it is usually consigned to the kitchen saucepan; drastic measures are taken with the unfortunate bird. In the case of children, we thought it humane to give them every chance, and to extend their "run," so having bought the remainder of the land now called "Seldom Seen," a real playground was made with swings and things, and the ground levelled for basket ball and tennis.

A convent garden is generally supposed to be a place of ancient peace, of sunny paths and shady arbours. Only this garden of S. John's House lies on a wild hillside of boulders and yawning pitfalls; of harshly outlined terraces, with relentless wild undergrowths creeping up to them, waiting for the first moment of forgetfulness to take back what has been wrung from them. A hillside of whistling trees and slapping howling winds, a few cottages that Winter loves to clasp to its savage bosom until it would seem that every drop of natural life blood would be drained, only changing the snow to water that it may take a firmer grip, with growing poison-ivy and roots wrapped around the rocks.

THE PLAYGROUND

A big wall was a necessity if we were to get rid of the stones on the land, and if we would not be the victims of the organized gangs of boys who come out from Boston on Sundays and holidays to steal fruit and vegetables. There are neighbours who actually do live without protection and yet we notice that even these rugged householders, after the first flush of doing away with fences, still lock their houses at night and have doors to their bedrooms.

Such is the imperfect state of man, notwithstanding the radio and X-rays, we cannot do away with privacy. "Regimentation," as Huxley called it, does not always work in matters connected with honesty and modesty.

Barrenness is not, as some think, a characteristic of the soil of New England. The soil itself has, as a matter of fact, some of that fecundity shared alike by the tropics and the Arctic. It produces abundantly when under cultivation; when not cultivated it reverts in an astonishingly short space of time to forest. Ten years will transform an open meadow or garden into a tangle of young birch, poplar, alder, maple, red cedar, or pine, and in twenty years the saplings assume respectable proportions and the thicket becomes a wood. The ground is not barren; but before it can be brought under cultivation it is necessary

to fell and uproot the trees, to grub out the saplings, and to sift the boulders from the soil.

The land around the playground, which was a wilderness for many years, has been cleared of brush, terraced and planted with fruit trees.

It has also flowers. Our idea of a garden is that it should be beautiful from end to end, not starting off in front of the house with fireworks, and going off at its furthest limits into sheer sticks. We would make the garden increase in loveliness, if not in tidiness, the further you get into it.

" 'The thing can be done,' said the Butcher, 'I think;
The thing must be done, I am sure.
The thing shall be done! Bring me paper and ink,
The best there is time to procure!' "

To any one who reads the New Testament it is abundantly evident how real and constant was the communion that Our Lord held with God the Father through the outer medium of nature. Na-

ture was for our Saviour a spiritual medium. It was more than a wonderfully vital symbolism. Nature, and everything in nature, was a gateway through which the invisible became visible, and the Eternal manifested Himself in Time. It is not only that nature tells the saints something about God. In nature the saints go forth gayly to meet God. Natural beauty is a highway, and, as in some royal procession, it is filled with the advancing glory of the Lord—"the whole earth was full of His glory."

Our Lord's delight in flowers was much more than a disinterested appreciation of floral beauty. The beauty was a garment veiling a wonderful Presence; a lily was an apocalypse; God manifest in matter. That was the wonder of it; the living thing was alive with God.

So we are to "consider the lilies," and every other lovely thing in the world of nature. We are to stand reverently before nature as though along its splendid roads a king were advancing toward us

in royal pomp. We are to assume an alert yet lowly receptiveness, if perchance the King may stop at our door, and may even enter under our roof. To get the right attitude towards nature is to "lift up the gate" and "the King of Glory shall come in."

We must study nature not for its own sake (scientifically, as they say, botanically), but study it as the countenance of God. It is a road we may all travel, a holy ground in which children play, and the more we exercise ourselves in it the greater will be our gain, and very surely the joy of the Lord will be our strength.

This garden is, in a sense, like Noah's Ark; it has as many sorts of flowers, blending in a certain confused beauty, as Noah had of clean beasts, and as many sorts of attractive weeds as the patriarch had of unclean beasts. Children who have the happiness of growing up in a large garden, learn to understand things because they see them each

year at a fresh level. We older people who walk about with eyes and noses high in air, miss most of the fauna and flora of the grass; we see little of the beetles and the hop-toads. We are more or less strangers to the old spinning-wheel and broken harp in the attic, and know hardly anything accurately about the contents of the cellar or the barn. Those secrets are reserved for children who are on familiar terms with Fido the dog or Tabby the cat, and whose noses are on a level with theirs.

The Public Schools and theatres and concert halls are where the children of S. John's House go for a part of their education. To rear a child under what is called "a sheltered system" is, if later on the girl must go out into the world and fend for herself, not wise. Unless she be one in a thousand, she has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may possibly come to extreme grief from ignorance of the proper proportion of things.

"Let a puppy," writes Mr. Kipling, "eat the soap in the bathroom or chew a newly-blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting

big dogs' ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well-mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap, and big dogs, till he came to such a trinity, full grown and with developed teeth, consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be! Apply this notion to the 'sheltered life,' and see how it works."

> Here is a crucible where human kind
> Is scorched and buffeted by sun and wind,
> Until the dross is shattered, and the gold
> Repays God's alchemy an hundredfold!

Christian civilization is a reforming, redeeming civilization; it has the wrinkles and rough texture of a skin exposed to the elements, and the finger markings of time; but they who think that our population will, in a hundred years or so, bring us to the verge of starvation, should consider the reclaiming power of a religion which begins with the spiritual and works out to the last fringe of the material. Praise God for the deserts that are made to blossom like gardens with playing children and fruit trees.

[NOTE: *"The Master saith, Where is the Guest-Chamber?"*

Lest there be any who are in doubt of how to find us, let pilgrims bear in mind that the Guest House of this convent is situated at 181 Appleton Street, Arlington Heights, Massachusetts. The love of shrines and of sacred places and the desire to visit them and to dabble in holy memories, like a child in a familiar creek, is as strong in Americans as in any palmer of old.

The garden of S. John's House occupies a parcel of ground in Arlington Heights bounded by Appleton Street and Claremont, Hillside and Wollaston Avenues. It is possible to reach the place from Boston by train, but for those who are in haste we recommend one of the three following ways. Through North Cambridge by elevated and electric car, this is the historic route chosen by Paul Revere on the occasion of his famous ride to Lexington; through Belmont by motor, the more picturesque way, bordered as it is with maples, that serene sugar source and shade resource; lastly, a person may go by airplane, across the lake called Fresh Pond, this is the swiftest method, only be careful lest you crush the babies in landing. Sterne's description of the three roads from Calais to Paris is not inapt:

"First, the road by Lisle and Arras, which is

the most direct, but most interesting and instructive way. The second shall be Sintra, which you may go to if you would see Cintra. And this by Santarem, which you may go to if you will. For this route a great many choose to go by Santarem."

But why hurry? In a good car you can traverse the excellent road between the convent and Santarem in half an hour and stop within the appointed hour. Forgetting the town and county speed regulations you can make it in exactly twenty-three beautiful minutes. Only it is well to bear in mind that the State Traffic police are *eagle on motor-cycles as well as watchful.*

It is doubtful if the Eastern mind will ever understand the Western craze for hustling.

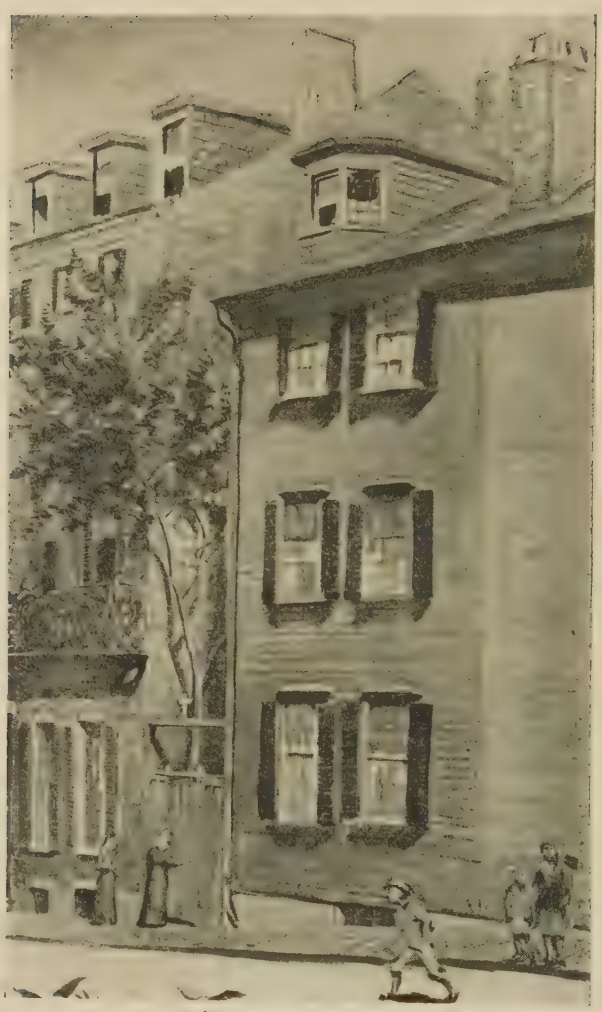
"You think," said El Greco, governor of a large part of Morocco, to Miss Stella Forbes, "you think you can show a great thing with your civilization. You see a man riding along the road and you say: 'Do not walk in the dust in this way. It will take you days to reach Fez. Here is a train which will take you there in a few hours.' 'The blessing of Allah on you,' he will say, 'but I have my donkey.' 'No, leave your donkey,' you urge. 'Here is a motor that will carry you more quickly than the train, or an aeroplane, which will do the journey in forty

minutes.' 'Allah make you strong,' he will answer, 'but I am not in a hurry.'"

("El Raisuli," Thornton Butterworth.)

For our part, in travelling we prefer ox-carts, trolleys, and local accommodation trains to flying machines, or even high-powered automobiles. We can see the landscape better that way and study native types as they come and go. Speed is no doubt good for those who have nothing else to do, or too much to do, and we admire, though do not envy, the rich, who in lightning motor cars and in thick clouds of dust, flash, like mysterious meteors, along the country roads. They are, in their way, impassive heroes, who are not disturbed for a moment by the beauty of nature, nor by the amorous perfume of the forests. We welcome in our friends something of the baroque spirit; life is often crude seen plain. The simple-hearted like it better when it is a bit gilded and be-whirligigged. But we love visitors in whatever way they come.

"From quiet home and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
Save laughter, and the love of friends."]



SAINT ANNE'S HOUSE, 44 TEMPLE STREET

S. Anne's House

"Hasten, O mothers, make haste, O daughters, to the cottage at Nazareth, where Anne is teaching Blessed Mary: Put your ear to the door to hear what she is saying; it may be you will get some word of comfort for yourselves. Alleluia." (Office for the Patronal Festival.)

IN the Order of S. Anne authority is distributed. Each convent is autonomous; each convent has its own elected Mother, its own appointed officers. One of the reasons why Lord Cromer accomplished so much in Egypt was, he said, because he never did anything himself that he could get done for him. The same is true of any successful business. In religion, as in anything else, a person at the head may fail through not sufficiently trusting others, and through an overpaternalism. It is hard to make some see the danger of this. They agree to decentralize in principle, and in practice centralize everything. Jealous of their own authority, distrustful, self-confident, with an honest ambition to do great things for God, they will not agree to any division of responsibility and glory. The results which

follow are as inevitable as the procession of the sun, moon, and stars, only less beautiful. There would seem, therefore, to be a place in the general scheme of things for small self-governed religious houses, each convent having its own Officers and Chapter.

S. Anne's House, 44 Temple Street, became in 1912 the Second Convent of the Order of S. Anne. Parochial work is done from there by the Sisters, also nursing the sick, printing and other useful activities. Retreats are often made there and many guests are entertained. Guilds meet in the lower rooms and children are prepared for the Sacraments. Guests are always coming and going. Over the gate is inscribed, *"Pax intrantibus. Salus exeuntibus."* (Peace to those who enter. Health to those who go.)

The House, which is wooden, is one of the oldest in Boston. In an old map of the eighteenth century it is shown standing alone in the midst of fields. In the early part of the nineteenth century it is said to have been occupied by Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was then pastor of the Church, now known as S. John the Evangelist; and his famous children, Henry Ward and Harriet. In the 80's and 90's of the last century the Cowley Fathers lived here.

In the House Oratory is a fifteenth century Calvary painted on wood and an early eighteenth century painted leather altar frontal of Spanish work that came from the Barbados, where it had been for two hundred years. On the altar is a piece

ALTAR IN ORATORY OF THE HOLY NAME

of carving, showing the Betrothal of S. Joachim and S. Anne, flanked on either hand by Spanish painted metal flowers in sconces of painted wood. If any say, as they might, that such things need restoration; First we would reply, They don't. Then, even if they do, we would say, Let them decay, as beloved grandparents have to decay, and who would restore them? On either side of the altar are torches with eighteenth century glass shades from S. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, similar to some in the Chapel of S. Anne, Arlington Heights. At the back of the Oratory is a Jacobean Calvary in lead from an old English chest found in a London house.

On the left of the entrance hall is the Refectory, on the right, one Guild Room leads to another, and finally to the Printing Office, where there is a small power press. Printing is necessarily dearer now than it was before the war. The costs of production in every respect have greatly increased, so that, judged by pre-war standards, there is no such thing now as cheap printing. But there is honest printing, such as is put out from S. Anne's House Press: good workmanship, distinctive type, reasonable charges which contribute to the support of the convent. A specialty is made of the printing of small cards and tracts. The printing of *Gems* alone is something of which S. Anne's

House might be proud, and deserving of a congratulatory pat-on-the-back. Although from the outset the Sisters responsible for the publication would never claim any one of the bound volumes as a masterpiece of typography, there is so much to commend them in appearance,

PRINTING ROOM

in literary work, and artistry, that one doubts if ever a series of diminutive magazines, produced under similar limitations, in the interests of a few little children, has won an equal amount of respect and enthusiastic devotion. The publication has been remarkable for the rarity with which the printer has lapsed from the path of accuracy. The editor of a new contemporary wrote in his first editorial that he intended to call a spade a spade. The paper appeared with the phrase: "call a spade a spape"—a lamentable beginning. *Gems*, thanks to careful proofreading, has been largely free from such terminological inexactitudes. Nor has it even been felt necessary to call a spade a spade. There is no truer saying than: "There are more flies caught with molasses than with vinegar."

A garden of sorts is almost a necessity for any convent, though here we have to content ourselves with a small courtyard and a few window boxes. But however many flowers we may have growing in the garden we do in point of fact, and as a general rule, prefer artificial flowers on the altar and at shrines. There are those who suppose that it is quite a settled principle that we should regard natural flowers as more suitable for Church or Oratory than manufactured ones. They think that this is obviously the *right* view.

To contradict this principle and maintain a preference for artificial flowers would appear to such persons to be simply bad taste. And yet the preference for artificial flowers, which appears to some of our friends almost immoral, is a preference which we are quite prepared to support. Artificial flowers are sometimes a beautiful work of art, a triumph of human industry and skill, a testimony of man's appreciation of the beauty which God has created and manifested, an appropriate offering for us to present to God, carefully and lovingly copied from models which He Himself has provided.

Cut flowers, on the other hand, are really dead flowers. They have already been killed, however fresh they may appear. Flowers which are the work of human art are no more dead than pictures or statues are dead; they have never lived; but any beauty they possess is genuine beauty, and they never die. If your head were cut off, as a friend in frolicsome mood remarked, it would really be dead, even before it had begun to wither. Yes, indeed! too dead surely, to be appropriate for decorative use. Painted portraits—even those of the least pleasing kind—are preferable to such decapitations, however freshly cut the severed heads may be.

The whole question of good and bad taste

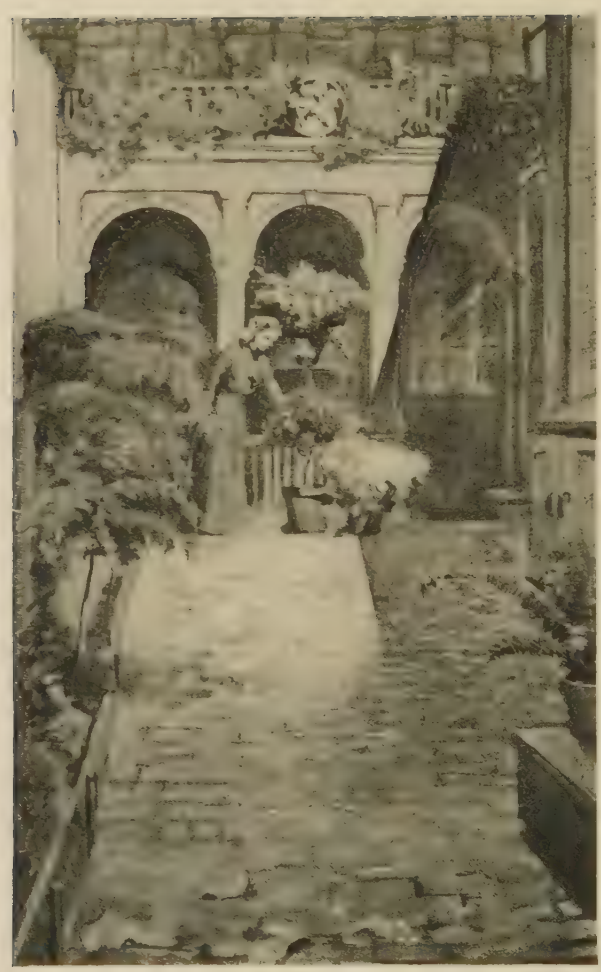
in church decoration would bear discussion. It is often thought that coloured lights at shrines, dressed images, and all that sort of thing, indicate a bad taste. Let it be admitted that the ornamental taste in many a Catholic Church is to a cultivated opinion, bad. But this "bad" taste is one of the most encouraging features about such churches, because it means that they are democratic, in possession of the whole people; not merely the possession of the highly educated classes. The "bad" taste in lace, candelabra, pictures, and inscriptions, is the reflection of the uncultivated taste of the common people. It is the profoundest sign of a "live" Church.

On the contrary, the general "good" taste of Protestant Episcopal or Anglican Churches should be regarded with profound dismay; for it is the sign that our Church is not democratic; is not the possession of the common people; and that its "good" taste is merely the reflection of the quasi-cultivated, upper-middle-class opinion in the country.

It has been said that the "bad" taste of artificial flowers in Church is "appalling." We have a consciousness that it is the part of every generation to be appalled by the one that follows it. In *Punch*, 1922, there appeared a picture of an elderly gentleman raising horrified hands at two

young women with bobbed hair and short skirts, and beside it the same sort of elderly gentleman, of an earlier generation, raising similarly horrified hands at the sight of a stiff-backed mid-Victorian female pedalling by on one of the first safety bicycles. One has no wish to be an elderly lady or gentleman raising horrified hands.

Religious Vocations are found, for the most part, among the young, or not at all. Ladies fairly advanced in years not infrequently feel drawn to the convent life. It is gratifying to find that spirit. But life in a convent requires something more than a good will. Sisters do not sit around in becoming habits—they wash clothes and dishes; they cook; they teach; they sew; they nurse and visit the sick; they do all manner of housework. Admitting that middle-aged and elderly ladies are often the most beloved people, it still has to be conceded that they are not built for laundry and housemaid work, for scrubbing floors, for setting up type, or even for working in the fields. In a convent we need young women who can stand the grind of hard work, who can live happily with other women, and who have, with it all, a great desire to pray. And yet in spite of this well-known fact, it is surprising how many there are, even priests, who appear to regard a convent as meaning an old ladies' home. The blind and



THE COURTYARD

halt, and aged, come in the most pathetic fashion, recommended to the conventual life because of their general piety, but without any other qualification.

It is hard work in a convent and requires physical strength, and the giving to it of all that is in one; but the rewards are many. It is not all cakes and ale, but the agreeable part of it far outweighs the disagreeable. Each morning sees some task begun, with Mass in Church or Oratory; each evening sees it close with Compline and Lauds.

But as has been said, every member of a Religious Community must have some work. In S. Anne's House the work consists chiefly of nursing and visiting the sick, the care of convalescents, teaching the young, research work in a chemical laboratory, receiving guests, the sale of publications, printing and writing, ordinary housework, and the dressing of half a dozen altars. The particular kind of work allotted to each Sister is perhaps the least important part of her life; it is, in fact, little more than a standard frame on which to embroider a delicate pattern of devotion.

The Sisters in S. Anne's House have had from the beginning a private entrance into the Church of S. John the Evangelist, a most beloved place. Always you can count upon children playing on

the front steps of the edifice, or women resting their bundles, or men eating their luncheon. In the dark interior a red light burns before the Blessed Sacrament, and nearly always people are kneeling and praying there. Looking around the Church you see here, as in the Chapel of S. Anne, a glimmer of votive lights burning before the different altars. It is pleasant to reflect how many of them are little offerings of love on behalf of absent friends, some far away in other parts of the world, some already in the next. Votive candles, before a shrine, give a sense of home, and there is—whether you like the Catholic atmosphere or not—a general sense that something is going on all the time; that it is not an occasion, but a perpetual process, as if it were (as it is) a mystical Inn, in which Sisters of S. Anne, with the approval of three successive Superiors of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, have had the honour to be waitresses.

Pray our Lord God favourably to shine upon us, to fill this dwelling with godly inhabitants, and ever to defend them with the protection of His Divine Majesty.

S. Augustine's Farm

"He loved husbandry." (2 Chron. xxvi, 10.)

HE words might well be said of Father Field, Founder of the Farm as a Convalescent Home, and Chaplain there for a quarter of a century.

For twenty years, or thereabouts, the Farm at Foxborough, Massachusetts, was a Convalescent Home for Coloured Children. A sylvan fairy retreat, populated by little brown children, crumpled-horn cows and sheep, milkmaids and shepherds, the air humming with the sunshine-anthem of honey-bees. A haven where we would all be! At least, that is the way we used to imagine it when the Farm-Matron, all bombazine and buttermilk, bless her dear, simple heart, used to send in town fresh corn and vegetables.

In the year 1912 Sisters from S. Anne's House in Boston took charge. In 1918 it became clear that coloured children could be provided for better in their own homes, whither they were despatched. The Farm itself is now a Convalescent Home or Preventorium for children of any race or

nationality, as well as a House of Retreat. A telephone and running water have been installed. The Sisters doubled the capacity of the farm-house by the simple expedient of moving round the old coach house; tying it on to the rest and making it habitable with electric light and furnace

THE FARM-HOUSE FROM THE FIELD

heat. The Blessed Sacrament is reserved in S. Michael's Chapel or in the House Oratory. Every year there are summer camps for boys and girls. The mention of a summer camp suggests at once the controversy that agitates educational New England. It is not reparations, or the fate of the

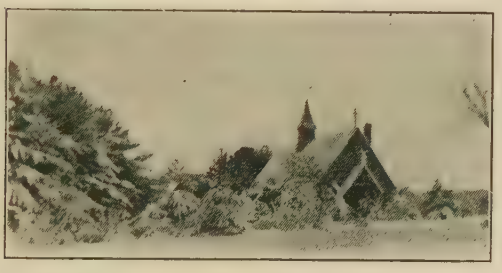
Balkans, or the exclusion of Japanese, or any trifles of that sort, but the grave problem whether our girls are too athletic; which inevitably leads to the retort that charm does not go with anæmia, that women nowadays are more healthy than their grandmothers, and a long and inconclusive debate on the sins, follies, and frivolities of women, with the clergy intervening on points of fashion. However, we still question if the violent sports that are often encouraged at schools, colleges, and summer camps are not sometimes too strenuous for quickly growing girls; certainly there is a tendency to make these things practically compulsory in some such places, and to turn out the young women of the day all after one model. It would have seemed that the idea of standardizing women was self-evidently impossible; however, there it is. Martha may be hopelessly out-of-date, but Mary is still as high a type as Diana. The infinite variety of nature should not be suppressed; education and recreation are not at their best when used as steam-rollers.

A statue of S. Anne, a copy of the famous S. Anne of Burgos in Spain, crowns a high rock at one side of the house under the shade of lofty pines. S. Anne holds in her arms her Daughter, the Blessed Virgin, who in her turn is a throne for the Infant Saviour.

The Farm, some twenty-seven miles from Boston, is a goodly heritage of about one hundred and seventy-five acres. Some of the land consists of what is called in New England "pastures." Considered as pastures from an animal's point of view, they must be disappointing; stones for bread to a cruel extent, they give. Considered as landscape, they have a great deal of charm. There are large woods of pine and oak, soft low hills, and a little lake where the children bathe, where turtles bask, sunning themselves on rocks or logs, and where fishes will, on occasion, if unduly provoked, snap at you. A rivulet, shaded by catalpas, and almost choked with ferns and iris, flows down to a cranberry bog on the farm. As a place for a sanitarium nothing could be better. As a Farm it is somewhat behind the times. No very modern methods prevail there. In farming we have progressed from the wooden plough to the steel one and from the scythe to the mowing machine, but there we have paused. We may yet take the leap to the tractor, overhead irrigation, and such like new fangles.

The beauty of the country in New England, with its urn-like, sheaf-shaped elms, is very different from the majesty and splendour of other lands, with their grander vegetation and greater elevations, but we cannot allow that there is anything

more beautiful in the world, or more perfect of its kind, than a beloved old homestead like S. Augustine's Farm, with its pond, and winding brook, its green meadows and still waters of an earthly paradise, the woods and the little hills clapping their hands.



S. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL

A priest's house is across the road, and S. Michael's Chapel. The Sisters live in the old farm-house, and in S. Brigid's, a cottage on a rock, with the children. Here amid their books and grape trellises, their chickens and humming-birds, their roses and lilacs, the odours of the woods and of the fields blowing in at their windows, they have a life to be envied, a life full of opportunities for prayer and service. Even the kittens know this. See the benevolent condescension of catkind to

mankind. They know very well that we were created for their benefit, and that the defenceless state of our forepaws in particular enables us to render them many little services, and therefore they bear magnanimously with our stupidities. But the consciousness of our inferiority they never attempt to hide. A cat sufficiently well fed and trained not to catch the birds, but enough of a warrior to defend from vile nibblers at grocery stores is a desideratum in any convent.

It has been thought by those who do not really know, that Sisters on a remote farm must lead narrow, lonely, isolated lives—that they cannot figure much in the scheme of affairs as regards real life and the world's work. But heart-easing frankness is not the monopoly of pessimists. On a farm, as well as anywhere, can the great work of prayer for the whole world be maintained. And as for other work, the sick need constant care, and so does the motor in the garage. In the barn and out-houses patient birds and beasts may await the Sister's coming. The life of town and suburban convents is not the only life. In the harvest-field, or in the kitchen where hungry children are fed that also is life. It is the Sister who has walked the country road some stormy winter night to help a mother in the hour of trial; who has tenderly bathed and dressed the tiny new-born baby,

or silently and reverently composed the limbs of the dead — harnessed horses, milked cows, driven the motor, dug it out of drifts or mud, and learned the rude surgery of the farm, as well as tending the sick and convalescent, who has really seen life.

While the old-fashioned family seems to have largely disappeared, we still have with us the old-fashioned doctor in the person of Dr. Thomas, who is head of a State Hospital two or three miles away. His patients there are not all quite sane. Indeed, so many people seem to be afflicted with madness, we have a suspicion that Dryden's *Spanish Friar* was right:

"There is a pleasure
In being mad which none but madmen know."

But in this beloved physician we have a friend worth having.

S. AUGUSTINE'S FARM

If S. Augustine's Farm-House were a large and roomy structure, with a park and stately grounds, it might be useful for a fashionable girls' school, or a home for aged ladies, but it would not suggest that simplicity which tradition has associated with vows of poverty. It might even be hard for one to remain humble in such surroundings. A plain young person might enter such a convenient convent with the most sober and loftily inspired sentiments available to mortal woman, and yet inside of a year be wanting to talk back and order people about. She might come from a remote village or sedate suburb, accustomed to vigourous and wholesome methods of life, and before she'd been in so lordly a domicile for half a dozen years, be wanting an illuminated breviary, a carved oak stall, and perfume in her bath.

Thank the Lord for the "small folds," or cottages, prescribed in the Rule of S. Anne. There are more ornate residences than S. John's House, Arlington Heights, more resplendent homes than S. Anne's House, 44 Temple Street, Boston, more magnificent country houses than S. Augustine's Farm, Foxboro, but nowhere in the world, and never in time, have there stood abodes more fitting for their purpose. They are a witness to the basic simplicity, clean beauty, homeliness, friendliness, and neighbourliness of the Religious Life as lived without bolts or bars, high walls or hedges,

FATHER FIELD AND THE FATHER FOUNDER
LEAVING THE FARM

in poor homes among poor people in town, suburb, and country. In sober mood we this advice would give: live simply, friend, but do not simply live.

In any case, a small house in a small street would seem to be preferable for people of moderate means. How Fielding must have smiled over his own description of the proposed alterations in Mr. Allworthy's house and garden:—

Captain Blifil "at last completed a most excellent plan (for the alterations). It had, indeed, in a superlative degree, the two principal ingredients which serve to recommend all great and noble designs of this nature; for it required an immoderate expense to execute, and a vast length of time to bring it to any sort of perfection." Humanity is not complicated in its essentials. Civilizations have over many centuries sought to complicate it. They succeed, or appear to, until a climax of overweight is reached and then comes dissolution, and a rebirth of simplicity. The child builds houses with his blocks. He builds too high, too ornately, too elaborately; and the house falls. The ancients could with cheap labour and immense skill build palaces, we with our paucity of men and poverty of resources must be content to live as do the poor.

The deep well, with its old oaken bucket by the wayside in front of the house, is a fitting symbol of the Farm. "Whosoever shall give one of these

little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple . . . shall in no wise lose his reward."

We invite people to invest money in the training of children in these homes, children especially who can get little training or health elsewhere. In years to come this may be a great

A LOG HUT ON THE FARM

social force identified with the larger interests of humanity.

They that write on canvas, how soon they're but a name! They that write on paper, they pay a price for fame. They that write on granite, at them the lichens smile; but they that write on human hearts write for a long while. Whatever we do or leave undone let us not slough into

"Organized charity, carefully iced,
In the name of a cautious statistical Christ."

People have watched S. Augustine's Farm living on faith as they would watch a safe being hauled up to the ninth story of an office building, hoping that nothing will happen, but feeling confident that if the ropes break there'll be something worth seeing.

We must be patient. The lessons can't be learned all at once. *Ducks* are born perfect; that is to say, they utter the same unmodified quack on their dying pillow that they uttered on their natal day. But souls are not like that. If our Deity were an immense *Duck,* capable only of emitting an eternal *quack,* we might have been born web-footed, each as infallible in her way as the Pope is supposed by some to be, nor ever have been at the expense and bother of swimming-schools. But we are not made that way. We must go on learning in Time and in Eternity.

The objects of the Order of S. Anne penetrate too far into futurity and take too broad a view to discover their claims to the passing crowd. We appeal in behalf of children to wise men and women who can judge what we say. We appeal to those who can venture as pioneers in the great work. Others may stand waiting for the multitude; let us go forward.

The Cemetery

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv, 13.)

THE graveyard plot at S. Augustine's Farm has been adorned with beautiful trees such as the cedar of Lebanon, spruce, hemlock, and pine. It should not be thought neglected because wild flowers grow there. Some wild things of the woods and meadows have been planted there by loving hands, and whether planted by human agency or by the birds and winds, we love to have it so.

" 'Neglected is the poet's grave,' they say,
'Those blossoming weeds affront the passers-by—
He who was great forgotten with the less!'
But we who knew the poet, answer, 'Nay;
He would have loved these singing grasses high,
And the perfection of that loveliness.' "

Celebrated men in modern cemeteries are buried beneath tall monuments, but we are not celebrated and our dutiful sex does not go in, as a rule, for fame. The script upon our lesser wooden crosses

MOTHER ANNE AT THE FARM
THE FIRST PROFESSED SISTER OF THE ORDER OF
S. ANNE TO FALL ASLEEP

is slight. A name, a couple of dates, when one was born and when one passed away, a "Jesu Mercy," is enough to accompany good or blameworthy women to their hereafter. It is just as well to play safe in the grave, because, after all, a soul might be a bit ashamed if much praise were given.

THE HILLSIDE GETHSEMANE

A community can hardly feel itself really established until it has some roots, some loved ones in the other world. When Father, Mother, Brother, or Sister be called away, becoming invisible to us, it is wonderful to feel Death growing beautiful, the unseen world becoming real, and God's goodness seeming good as never before. It is that vanished one who helps to

change things for us, by adding his or her goodness to the unseen side of things. Noble friends who have fallen asleep in Christ have power to leave this bequest; power to bequeath to us a sense of God more real and good; a sense of Deathlessness more sure. We can never know the whole of a Sister's blessing until she has died. We speak of circles "broken" by death, but a circle of earthly friends is really incomplete until some of its members sit in it out of sight.

A Calvary carved by Angelo Lualdi dominates the cemetery and fits into the landscape. Who can analyze or define the faculty in certain people that enables them to adorn the surface of the earth with trees and ponds, gardens, houses, and even sepulchres, without doing violence to nature? The ability to do so must, in some sense, be derived from a right understanding of nature. Animals don't go and destroy a landscape with vulgar residences. The "feathered people of the air" don't insult the woods. Why should we? The aborigenes make no mistakes in colour or form, until they work for us. Something is wrong with our civilization. It is not the poor who commit architectural atrocities. Needy peasants in any country fit themselves into a landscape without a jarring note. The Figure of our Lord is revealed against a background of pine trees

of which we have a great plenty. Indeed we owe a debt to the pine. It takes such care of us, it must love us, wicked as we are. It stays

THE CALVARY IN CEMETERY

with us green all the year. It builds our roofs; no other tree makes a more kindly shade. It spreads a finer than Persian mat under our feet, provides for us endless music, and a balsam of healing in the air; and in its death on the hearth, it makes our very houses ring with its resonant song of cheer and mirth. It is the Elder Brother of the woods who stays with us always, and yet when the Prodigal returns in the Spring, how glad we are.

Under the shadow of the great Crucifix, and within sound of the Angelus, there lie the bodies of Fathers of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, Sisters of S. Anne, as well as little children. Two gravestones were found lying by the roadside nearby, no longer marking the place of burial of the two little children commemorated, who died within a few days of each other, doubtless of the same epidemic, more than half a century ago. As the spot where the babies lie is unknown, and the inscription is so tender and touching, the owner of the farm where they were cast away gave his consent for the placing of the stones against the wall of our own cemetery.

One stone is broken at the top. The other has a lamb carved in white marble. The inscriptions read as follows:

ALVIN F.
SON OF
SIDNEY AND ELMIRA
BOLTON
DIED AUG. 24, 1857
Aged 5 mos. 6 ds.

My little ones that was so dear
Is took away and gone
It brakes my hart, its hard to part
With two such lovely ones.

JOSHUA E.
SON OF
SIDNEY AND ELMIRA
BOLTON
DIED AUG. 31, 1857
Aged 2 years, 7 mos. and
19 days

Fairwell dear idol of our harts
To thee short life was given
Thy morning broke most sweetly hear
Thy evening closed in heaven.

All this is but Moss, if not from a Rolling Stone, at least from grave-stones, a sort of commonplace book; what Milton calls a "topick-folio."

"Blessed is he who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead," said Naomi to Ruth,

her daughter-in-law. Speaking generally, as a nation, we are kind enough to the living, but less kind to the dead. If we would show some kindness, a Spiritual Bouquet, that is, a promise that a Mass shall be offered on a certain date for the repose of the soul of the loved one, is better than a wreath of flowers, however beautiful. Costly hot-house flowers are often sent by people who can ill afford them because that is the only way they know of showing sympathy at such a time. But elaborate funeral displays are of no avail to the dead; they simply please the vanity of the living. The best way to show sympathy with the living and kindness to the dead is to present a suitable offering and arrange at once with a priest for a requiem to be said on the earliest possible day. Then, as Naomi prayed, will "The Lord deal kindly with you, as you have dealt with the dead." The Church by forbidding flowers on the altar at a requiem, except on All Souls' Day, which is a great festival, shows her disapproval of the custom of sending flowers instead of offering prayers for the dead.

See ii Maccabees, xii, 43-45: "And when he (Judas Maccabeus) had made a gathering throughout the company, to the sum of two thousand drachms of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin offering, doing therein very well

and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection: for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for those that died godly, it was an holy and good thought."

A FUNERAL IN WINTER

There is no gate into heaven except through some one of the beatitudes by the Precious Blood, and at the end of the path of duty. There is not even an honoured and peaceful grave for us until we can say with our Blessed Lord: "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

[*Prayers used in the Graveyard on All Souls' Day.*

O Lord God, Shepherd of Everlasting Glory, Help of the sick, Comfort of the sad; we humbly beseech Thee to bless this Cemetery, and grant that the bodies of Thy servants and handmaids which are brought into this place may remain undisturbed; that laid to rest in this Graveyard, they may have of Thy bounty a peaceful habitation for their bodies, till on the day of judgment, at the Angelic summons, Thou biddest their souls and bodies together rise, to be with the Saints on Thy right hand. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

God save you, all ye faithful souls whose bodies lie in the bosom of this earth. The Sun of Righteousness bless you far and wide, and make you to enjoy the clearness of His light for evermore. Amen.]

The Chinese Convent of S. Anne

"Go ye into all the world." (S. Mark xvi, 15.)

A MISSIONARY vocation was almost the last thing the Sisters of S. Anne thought of as being possible for themselves. We longed to do the Will of God, and to dedicate ourselves afresh to Him, while we ministered to the needs of a few children in America, and lo, He has called us to far distant lands.

In 1916 the call came and Sisters, for the first time in the history of the American Church, went out from S. John's House at once under the American Board of Missions to China. It would seem that Religious Communities today need a more youthful spirit. In a sense the Religious Life has grown old. It has become timid and custom-ridden. It has need of a new influx of life, fresh, vigourous, buoyant, and untrammeled by hindering conventions. It may be that God will impart this new life to us, the vitality of youth, the spirit of adventure and enterprise, from people more recently evangelized than ourselves, the

people of China and Japan. In any case let us pray that we may meet the true spirit of the age, for men and women are still responsive to the appeal of the heroic.

For some years the Sisters of S. Anne had their convent in Wuchang across the river from Hankow; later they moved to Shasi, a large city some hundreds of miles up the Yangtze. To leave Wuchang was a bit of a wrench, but the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreadful duty before the chill comes on.

It is our hope that Chinese novices may find their way into the Order of S. Anne, but when the exact time will be we do not know. People must be left like chickens, to break their own shells, or there may be danger of premature birth. In the meantime the Sisters are doing purely missionary work while living the life of prayer as laid down by the Rule of the Order. A grub is a more or less homely circumstance; it is the slow, and sometimes even disagreeable, antecedent to a butterfly or a bee; and if you try to boil or otherwise force the winged creature out more rapidly, you'll make a mess of it. God is not in a hurry. He has plenty of time. A lady was struck with admiration for a beautiful butterfly, and got a chrysalis of one to watch it develop. At last the grub began to emerge, but it seemed greatly dis-

ANNE WU, THE FIRST CHINESE BABY

tressed by a little cord which fastened it in and prevented its complete egress. It fluttered and strained and wearied itself, it tried again and again, but the cord held firm. At last the watcher, taking pity on the insect, cut the cord, and let it, as she thought, happily free. But the butterfly never got its proper colours, and soon sickened and died. It had been delivered too soon. It should have been allowed its full time for struggling.

You can tear the rosebud open before its time, but you spoil the beauty of the rose. So we may spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He is weaving lives into patterns of beauty and strength. Besides, there is such a thing as self-help. It was the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who said: "When I have shown a pupil one corner of a subject, and he is unable to discover the other three, I do not repeat the lesson." The people of China are being shown more than one corner of the Catholic Faith and Practice; they will find the others. For instance, the heathen use of beads as an aid to prayer is so familiar to Buddhist China that Christian Chinese take to the Christian rosary like ducks to water. John Newton in his "Cardiphonia" suggests how in such a devotion the *words* may be compared to the treble of an

instrument, which the *thoughts* accompany with a kind of bass, or if they wander, with an anti-bass, in which the rule of harmony is broken, and discordant confusion is introduced inconsistent with and contrary to the intended melody. In any case God's way is best. We only desire to draw nigh to Him and to bring others to know and love Him. We can trust in Him. We must trust the *Promiser* ever beyond the *promises*. The latter one may misunderstand, but nothing can disappoint trust in the Former.

To be a "hewer of wood or drawer of water" is an honour when the Lord's house is building. The Sisters of S. Anne feel themselves plain enough and rough enough, just fit for servants' work, with little likelihood of ever becoming famous; they ask for nothing better than to burn themselves out in China or anywhere else, for Jesus Christ. The Sisters, though little, are valiant. They have held out through much rough going, and confirmed in their behaviour the wisdom of a genial gardener: "These Sisters who sing a lot are excellent if kept up to their work."

The order and assemblage of Christians in China before a Mass, their smiling faces, their chattering tongues and sauntering feet make one think of Chaucer's famous pilgrimage:

"When that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of March hath pièrced to the roote.
* * * *
Then longen folke to gon on pilgrimages."

So the Sisters of S. Anne have started out in this dawn of Faith for China, making an immortal morning of it. May God grant them to see something of the freshness and the beauty of the awakening of Christianity, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion call of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up their camp of ease and start on some fresh march of faithful service.

There are those who do not believe in Missions at all—though that can hardly be the case if they believe the Gospel. Religion is, and must be, international. It knows no boundaries save its own, and geographical frontiers and racial barriers have nothing whatever to do with it. It must be open and free. Having "put on Christ, there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free." We are "all one in Christ Jesus."

On one occasion, Mr. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, who knows a thing or two about the shape and the colour and the sound of words, said to Mr. J. M. Synge, "Give

up your school-master words that have no guts left in them, and leave off thinking of Loti and his barley-sugar, and go down into County Wicklow and listen to what people do be saying to other when they're at their ease, without any notion of an ear cocked to carry off what they say. I hear tell that they speak a language that isn't worn out yet and that has some of the youth of the word in it. I'd like to write in it myself, but I'd be afeard of muddying the clear English well that I am used to dabbling in." And Synge did it and found it was all true.

We have made blunders of course, but ideals are not stones in the street, they are stars in the sky. They are always beyond us; we can't wear them as breastplates, but we can work towards them, as did our Divine Lord Himself, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross." "They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country," is true of all Christ's lovers. The song in Hamlet reads:

"How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon."

"Be shod," said Jesus Christ, "with sandals." Are we not all pilgrims? So if people would stop talking about the failure of Missions and

the waste of money and all that, pack up their few duds and go to China or the Virgin Islands, or somewhere, or even get into correspondence with the Sisters there, they'd find that it is no missionary mare's-nest they'd come to, but a living work among the sons and daughters of men, a continuation of the acts of the Apostles. The work is that of healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, training the little children, and steadily spreading through the dark places of the earth those fundamental principles of decency, humanity, kindness, honesty, and courage upon which our civilization rests.

Ours is no cheap and sentimental optimism. Love must be willing to learn and to wait. Put it as we may, the missionary life is not easy. As the wicked make haste to be rich, so the philanthropists make haste to reform. And life rebukes both. If it has taken God untold ages to make a piece of granite or old red sandstone, how long will it take Him to perfect a human soul?

If we prefer Christianity to the divinity students, and missionaries to their Services, this is natural. The teachers are the machinery; Church Services are also, in a sense, part of the machinery; the Christian is the result. That Puritan Divines should be less attractive than Milton, and Catholic Theologians than Dante, is as inevitable as that

a plough should be less beautiful than a field of barley. A gardener with a spade can produce flowers fit for a queen to put in her hair. If she put the spade in her hair she might not do herself justice.

> "Peace be with you, and your people,
> Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
> Peace of Christ, and Joy of Mary."

With this strangely beautiful salutation sounding in their ears, Hiawatha, realizing that with the advent of the missionaries, his work among them had ended, bade farewell to his followers, entered his canoe, and sailed away to the

> "Islands of the Blessed,
> To the Land of the Hereafter,"

transfigured by the glow of the setting sun.

The promise is: "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

An English Convent of S. Anne

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while." (S. Mark vi, 31.)

IN the year 1917, after repeated invitations from Adeline, Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and from her sister, The Lady Henry Somerset, both Associates of the Order of S. Anne, it was decided to send Sisters to live and work in England. The beginning was made at the Houses of the Holy Redeemer in Duxhurst. Later the Sisters moved to Emsworth, Hants., taking with them a motherless child, Joan Bedford. There they now have a House of Retreat to which ladies come from all over England for instruction and devotion.

The garden is large, with sunshine and shade; possessing a certain eighteenth century neatness, it is at the same time not so trim as beautiful, with things in it pleasant to the eye as well as good for food; flowers and fruit, and plenty of good, esculent, wholesome roots and greens. Among the flowers may be found Honesty, Thrift, Eye-bright, and Heart's-ease. The good seed in abundance, and the strange, mys-

tical Passion-flower. In the midst, and seen everywhere, are roses and the Tree of Life, with its twelve manner of fruits, the very leaves of which are for the healing of the nations.

We have not been settled long enough in New England to tame the earth, to subject it, much less to bring it into sympathy with man. It has not taken the imprint of his likeness as in England. Charles Eliot Norton said of Italy, that the surface of the land had been moulded by the hands of men like clay on the potter's wheel. So England has been shaped by the English of several thousand years into a curious image of themselves. But here, in New England, the ground has not been worked long enough to shew marks of old labour.

However, we don't need to have ancient pleasure-grounds, or vast panoramas, or gigantic mountains, or immeasurable seas, before we can enter into sacred communion with God in nature. We can begin at home in more limited surroundings. We have always the pageant of the clouds, the wonder of the sky, and the treasures of the garden. We have the birds also; Our Blessed Lord found a Gospel in the sparrows. Yes, the spirit of delight comes often on small wings.

Those who live year after year without a Retreat

find that to pray in anything but a formal way is very difficult. And yet, without prayer, life is impoverished. We cannot well be content, calm, or really happy. The medicine that is necessary

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

to heal our sickness may be called "a dose of calm."

A House of Retreat is designed to give those who wish a special opportunity to draw nigh to God that He may draw nigh to them. It gives busy people a chance to retire now and then from the whirl of things, to rest a while, and to have

time to think about the great realities of God and of the soul, and of their relation to one another.

The world is insistent. We cannot wisely leave the getting of this "dose of calm" to chance. To arrange a place and a time for it is always difficult. It needs some strength of will and earnestness. Religious best help the world by withdrawing as far as possible from the world, while keeping themselves in vital and loving relationship with God. In earlier days, there were multitudes of men and women who fled from the confusion and turmoil of society into the desert to live in solitude with God. It is a fact that as all classes of people came to S. John the Baptist in the wilderness, so it was to these hermits and anchoresses that the rich and the poor, the anxious, the troubled, and the ignorant, had recourse. Sin-sick and tired, the children of affliction sought and found spiritual comfort with those who had to some extent hidden themselves from the world. Those who go to a convent for quiet meditation must not complain if they find themselves protected from a babbling world by the lack of a telephone. A telephone in a convent that is engaged in parochial work, or in the care of the sick, the young, or the needy, may be actually a necessity in these days. But owing to this beneficent invention it is now possible for

any one of millions of people to call one up at any hour of the day or night. Such a state of things is far from ideal in a House of Prayer. Once upon a time home meant privacy, but now the possessor of a telephone is at the beck and call of any one. Quiet thought, study, continuous prayer, are almost impossible under these circumstances. Ideally a convent should be a House of Retreat from all that confusion. And no one after making a Retreat has been heard to say it was a waste of time. It is, in the finest sense, a time of re-creation. Life obtains new force and meaning. "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The Bible is the time-table in which the company of transfigured men and women tell us the time, the way, the place, and the plan. One reason why our Bible teaching so often bores people is because we have not used it to put them into the train. We have been reading them the time-table when they wanted change of air.

What the world most needs is not the Church as censor, or as organizer of good works, or as engineer of great drives for money, or as competitor with the latest philosophers, but the Church as a living organism, the mystical Body of Christ, keeping serenely the ancient and open secret of a certain approach to union with God. The world

is apt to disquiet itself too much about things ephemeral; it is too anxious to deal directly with evils instead of holding up an ideal indirectly fatal to them.

JOAN BEDFORD

We think to take care of a baby, as did our Lady at Bethlehem (S. Matt. ii), or to lead a Retreat, as she did at Pentecost (Acts i: 14), normal for women, and football or motor-cycling or hunting to kill quite abnormal, and in this we

are no more inconsistent than in having an iron fireplace and not an iron petticoat. We do not particularly object in theory to a woman despot, though we prefer not to live under her, but we do object to a woman demagogue. And the distinction is as much founded on the substance of things as is our eccentric conduct in having a lead pencil but not a lead teaspoon.

This is our work. To help feed the flock, to gather the lambs, to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees; to say to them that are of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come." In the old castle at Edinburgh the way to the crown-jewels leads through a very humble doorway and along a dingy and circuitous passage. The lowly doorways and alleys of common duties are the way to the place where God keeps His jewels.

So once again we slipped the handcuffs of tradition and precedent by sending Sisters to England. Hitherto England had done all the sending. For the first time in History there is an American Foundation of Religion in the Old Country.

It has meant some sacrifice for those of us who remained behind, as it did for those who went away, but we would not wish it otherwise. Our friendship and love keep on growing all the while we are apart, like a banyan tree that

becomes a grove if you take your eyes off it. Opportunity rings every one's doorbell sooner or later. Often, however, it is the opportunity to open a peanut stand, whereas we would rather start a great hospital or build a cathedral. Well, here is our peanut stand at Emsworth. It is, we hope, nevertheless, a great door and effectual.

Some will ask, "How do the Sisters of S. Anne here and elsewhere live?" To that question we might reply as the fisherman did, when, having proposed to the shepherdess, she quavered, "How can we live?" he optimistically exclaimed, "Oh, we shall manage to get along by hook or by crook." Actually, we live by prayer and service. In a poor convent one learns to do without endless things—articles that Need never misses, but which Ostentation, if ever you let her sneering nose inside the door, at once demands. The convents of S. Anne, so unlike each other in environment and work, are at least alike in being poor. For this we may well thank God. Without some real degree of poverty the surface of convent life is apt to become too polished for mortal foothold. One's mind, in Byron's phrase, "wants something craggy to break upon." .When those who are vowed to poverty are wealthy, even to a small extent, in this world's goods, it becomes easy to

indulge in the luxury of the great manner, making quiet observers only too conscious that Religious are aping a grave music or a rich abundance beyond their scope.

One Sister of S. Anne lies in the village churchyard. A small wooden cross records her name, Mary.

"Praises on tombs are vainly spent,
A good name is a monument."

May she rest in peace. Amen.

A spreading, hopeful disposition is the one true umbrella in rainy England, or anywhere else for that matter, in this vale of tears. We above all others have least cause for anxiety, because the chief work of the Order of S. Anne in England is Prayer, and particularly to keep an Altar clean, and the red light burning. Our Most Courteous Lord summoned us to cross the Atlantic; a little later, for some reason known to Himself, His Majesty elected to set up His Throne in Emsworth, and He brought the Sisters of S. Anne there to further His ends and to attend upon Him.

O Lord, increase our faith; strengthen us to do Thy will; endue us with wisdom, charity, and patience in all our adversity. Sweet Saviour, say Amen.

New Zealand

"I have called you friends." (S. John xv, 15.)

"NOT servants but friends" was what Jesus called His disciples. That is what we wish to be to all whom we touch in life's pilgrimage.

In the year 1919, at the invitation of the Archbishop Julius of New Zealand, four Sisters of S. Anne went out to begin a Rescue and Prevention Work for girls in Christchurch. The Convent was established about five miles from the city on Papanui Road. Young women were at once put under the tutelage of the Sisters and the work of training them began.

"Friend of sinners" was the title given to Jesus by those who loved Him not. But we love and trust Him all the more because He was so kind to sinners. In the Old Testament groups of friends are as a rule small and select. Adam strays with Eve, Abram walks with Sarah, Rebecca at the well suggests the Isaac waiting somewhere, and Rachel's presence pledges Jacob's not far off. Two brothers and a sister together led Israel

out of Egypt. Here come Naomi and Ruth, and there go David and Jonathan. Job sits in his ashes forlorn enough, but not for want of comforters,—we can hardly see Job for his friends.

But as we step from Old Testament to New, we hear the buzz of little companies. We follow Jesus in and out of homes; children cluster about His feet; women love Him; a dozen men leave net and plough and counting-house to bind to His their fortunes, and others go forth by two's, not one's, to imitate Him. No spot in all the Bible is more overcoming than the Garden-scene, when our Lord comes back, through the darkness under the olive trees, to His three chosen hearts, within a stone's throw of His heartbreak,—to find them fast asleep. "Could you not watch with Me one hour?"

After watching in New Zealand those in need of help for four years, the Sisters of S. Anne, with the approval of the great Archbishop who had been unfailingly kind to them, were able to hand over the work of teaching and consolation to others while they themselves returned to America. Having, as the Diocesan paper said, "achieved the object of the Archbishop to establish a cheerful Christian home rather than a penitentiary."

His Grace, the Archbishop himself, most kindly writes, "My intercourse with the dear Mother and

TAROHA KIPPA, A MAORI GIRL IN THE CONVENT

Sisters was something of an inspiration, which I shall always remember with thankfulness and pleasure."

In Bishop Venables' "Life in the Bahamas" he gives a terrible account of the systematic practice of wrecking ships that went on there. The Bishop was able to put it down after a time, and to stamp it out, but many people could not see the harm of it. The wreck-roll still goes on, the wreckers' trade is not extinct. Men and women wreck lives now as callously as any dweller on the cliffs ever wrecked vessels for the lust of gain. "Ruin them and leave them,"—that is the way of the world.

Here is a lad fishing. See him take the worm that has served his turn, just tear it off the hook, and throw it on the ground to wriggle out what little life remains. We have seen women die that way; first impaled, then taken off the hook, thrown down, and left to die, as quickly and decently as they may. "I've not got a friend left. I'm past repair, the doctor says; the best thing I can do is to die. I've made mess enough of it here," exclaimed one girl.

Think of the pathos of the unwritten story of damaged lives. We like to meditate upon a certain fair haven where poor wrecked souls may put in for repairs. S. John tells of a state in which there is "no more sea"—so no more wrecks

there: repairs must have been made somewhere in the interval.

OTHER GIRLS OF THE CONVENT

Thank God for friendship. No wonder that poor girls take their lives when they come to feel that not one face lights up because they are in the world, or would be shadowed if they left it. Matches are made in heaven, and before the foundation of the world our friendships are arranged. "Thine they were and Thou gavest them me," we feel of those to whom we minister:—borrowing words which Jesus used of those who come to Him from among men.

You cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower grows; she will wither without sunshine; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you don't give her air enough; she may fall and defile her head in the dust if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot wisely fetter her; she must be allowed to grow if she is to amount to anything, and in her own way.

The work of S. Anne's House, the only institution strictly of its kind in the South Island, is now being carried on by the Diocesan Community of the Sacred Name. The Game of Life can be played by any one who has a will to it. Take the occasion when Tom Sawyer is told by his old aunt to whitewash a large-sized fence when he wishes to go playing in the fields. Other boys pass him and begin to jeer as he labours at this hateful task, but he pretends to like the job.

"Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?" he asks, with artful simplicity.

That puts the thing in a new light. One of the boys thinks he would like to try his hand, but Tom feigns reluctance. His aunt might not like it. She's "awful particular." Presently, however, he agrees to let his friend do a bit at the price of an apple. Other boys bid for a chance with the brush, while Tom munches his apple and in lovely idleness watches the progress of his task. By the middle of the afternoon he had traded his job for twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue-bottle glass, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, and other treasures.

Mark Twain says:—

"He had discovered a great law of human nature without knowing it. In order to make a man or boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. . . . There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily trip in the summer because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work; then they would resign."

Thank God for the Sisters of the Sacred Name, and for all the loveliness of New Zealand in the beauty of holiness. Yes, beauty is one's sheet anchor—the one thing, as Plato said, through which the ideal world shines upon us, the strongest evidence of God, amid all the terrible darkness. And what more beautiful work can there be than that of re-forming God's likeness in souls?

". . . he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come,
And she who gives a baby birth
Brings Saviour Christ again to Earth."

Those lines are as true as anything that John Masefield wrote in "The Everlasting Mercy." Never despair, say they. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining. Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid land. But that thought doesn't help a person who has fallen overboard. Lend a hand!

(*Note:* We must not judge of the success of a Community by its numbers or its perpetuity. Neither of these is any criterion. Life, whether natural or spiritual, does not depend upon numbers or length of time. Life is an individual possession. Plants are none the less alive, because, through whatever cause, some solitary specimen may die and leave no successors to perpetuate the species. So a Religious Community is none the less alive because it existed only for a few years and then passed away.)

Chicago Convent of S. Anne

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." (Isai. xl, 31.)

IT was in the year 1921 that on the invitation of Father Stoskopf, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, a new Convent was established in Chicago. The new Mother was installed on the 30th of May at S. Augustine's Farm. Following upon the installation, came some revels by the village children of Foxboro, a May-pole dance in the field where rhododendrons were in bloom, and a Play called "The Quest of the Tinkling Laugh." All this was but preliminary. When one thinks of the practical qualities of a man of business, and the coolheadedness of an old diplomatist, which a Mother ought to possess in order to rule her Community, one is obliged to admit that some of the most intelligent and best of women are outside of drawing rooms, outside of business, at the head of convents.

The work of the Sisters of S. Anne in Chicago is parochial, and consists of teaching, nursing, caring for the parish altars, visiting the sick,

and preparing women and children for the Sacraments. "Have a care," says S. Peter of Alcántara, "never to allow your heart to become sad, troubled, or solicitous, whatever may happen, but let your whole endeavour be to get and preserve *peace;* for our Lord says: 'Blessed are the peacemakers.' So *make peace* in your own soul."

A Hostel in which it is possible for women to make Retreats is in such a city as Chicago a spiritual necessity. It can hardly be questioned that restlessness is a characteristic of our modern town life. Chicago! What a town! Such crowds! Such shooting of the human rapids in main thoroughfares! Then there are the portages at the cross-roads, the living whirlpools, the human cross-currents—these are the things which turn one's thoughts to peaceful fields and burdened orchards, and kind-faced cows standing knee-deep in purling brooks, and bosky dells and sylvan glades. But so it is in the city.

> "We nod and glance and hurry by
> And never once possess our souls
> before we die."

The pace has somewhat quickened since Matthew Arnold wrote those lines. We form the habit, almost unconsciously, of doing everything in a hurry. There are signs that justify a sus-

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, AND CONVENT OF S. ANNE, 1133 NORTH LA SALLE STREET

picion that the pace is carrying souls further away from God. Our religion may be spoiled by hurry —for religion which binds us to God requires time and quiet. Our knowledge in these days is enormous, but our wisdom diminishes. We can send our voice a thousand miles, but we have almost ceased to have anything to say that matters.

God said first to Elijah: "Go, hide thyself;" then, "Go, shew thyself." He who does not hide himself in the secret place, so as to be alone with God, is unfit to show himself in external work for God. Those who have "too much to do" to make a Retreat know that eight hours of work for which one hour of prayer prepares, is better than nine hours of work with praying left out. Whatever is gained in quantity is lost in quality when engagements, pleasures, and activities follow one upon another, without leaving prayer intervals for refreshment and renewal of strength by waiting upon God. It is within our experience, which is very brief and limited and occasional in this matter, that it is not at all easy to meditate in a motor-car. Nor is an automobile the best means even of seeing the beauty of the country; you see beauty, the beauty of God, better by walking, and best of all by sitting still. Of course if your business requires haste, that is another matter. Then use a machine, a flying-machine, if possible.

With the wide introduction of the motor hearse, twentieth century speed has reached even the funeral processions.

A Retreat in which the friends of Jesus meet together is one of the pleasantest meetings in the world. Christians all ought to be able to love one another. We have our differences of opinion, but we know how to hold them in charity; for strangeness, lack of sympathy, indifference to one another are not becoming among Christians. They are absolutely inexplicable in a Retreat.

A convent large enough then for a score or two of retreatants, with an endowment sufficient to support it, is a necessity in Chicago. That is something at which to aim. Life may, or may not, have achievement. But, at its best, it is certainly a way of going on and aiming at achievement, for the glory of God and for the benefit of man. A certain genius is mentioned in *Collier's Weekly* as having known just exactly what was wanted from life here below to make it perfect, and stated it thus:—

"To have read all the books, smelled all flowers, caressed all animals, lived in all climates, known all races, tasted all joys and all melancholies, known all admirations, and all lucidities, and, dying, to cast aside only a rind, squeezed and twisted by a master hand."

How narrow it seems. All that eagerness wanted was only a bare half of life, only the eating, enjoying, using half, without the making, giving, growing half.

To throw away fifty per cent of one's own existence is a bad mistake. Asylums and hospitals shelter many who have wrecked themselves on that blunder. To have life and to have it more abundantly we must perfect our Godlike capacity for giving. Enjoyment will fail us unless achievement for others goes with it. Life is not an orange to be squeezed dry and thrown aside. Life is a way of going on towards that perfection which is the Love of God.

To a Retreat, the rich not less than the poor, the young not less than the old, are welcome. We are all confronted by the same sorrows. We are all called to help with the same afflictions and to face the same mysteries. All of us are under the same law. If we are not ready to be used, our Blessed Lord will use some one else. Pray that this may not be so, but that He may make use of this company for the purpose of His love. Pray that we may not be too busy with small things or too much occupied with small thoughts. Our Lord is no respecter of persons. Nothing is more fundamentally important than for each one of us to do the great errands of our Lord, having

our souls filled with the love of God and love for one another. If the Magi rejoiced with exceeding great joy at seeing the Star, the light which led them to the House where they found Jesus with His Mother, how intense should be your joy at the light of the Faith which has shone down on you, and brought you to the House of God, where you have found the young Child and His Mother.

Appreciation is better than criticism. Appreciation will strengthen, tone up, give ginger to the step and brightness to the eye. Criticism brings about as much animation to any one as it would to have a ton of pig iron fall on you. Women are very apt to see through a brick wall to what isn't on the other side. Nothing causes them more misery than their habit of criticism or of supplying complicated explanations and invidious notions to simple and innocent proceedings.

A friend who often grieves us because he will not go to Mass said: "If ever I get to Heaven, I'll have a great laugh on you folks." And if a passion for the bare truth, a desperate adoration of beauty, a love of human beings, and a heart with fire and candles burning for welcome to every outcast, be by God's mercy and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ any passport to Heaven, when our friend laughs on that blessed day, we shall all of us join in.

What is the meaning of the universal discontent in the world, so deep-seated, so pathetic? What is the meaning of this failure of panaceas? One has seen a lost child brought into a police station. The big friendly officers did their best to still his sobbings; they could not. Kindly neighbours tried to soothe him, but they could not. At last a woman rushes in, clasps the child to her bosom, and the baby is at rest. Perhaps he himself is too young to find words with which to explain it. The reason is that he has found his mother.

We will have nothing to do with the "high planes" of Theosophy or New Thought or Higher Thought. They are always explaining how this or that person is on a lower plane, while they (the speakers) are on a higher plane. The Catholic Religion knows nothing about such planes, except that all men, women, and children, are on one plane, and that by no means a high one. There are saints indeed in our religion, but a saint only means a man who really knows beyond all dispute that he is a sinner, and that he has a Saviour. In a remote country churchyard there is an epitaph nearly a century old on two aged sisters. The text included in it is: "When the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore." It seems to sum up lives in which the patience of faith

has been the guiding principle. These two forgotten disciples had trusted through the night of toil. They were willing to wait. They knew it would be well tomorrow morning.

Blind, unconsoled, humanity seeks for a Saviour, a Mother-God, and, unless this world of ours is to become a madhouse, men and women must find God, since only in His arms can they be at rest. "This poor old world works hard and gets no richer; thinks hard and gets no wiser; worries much and gets no happier. It casts off old errors to take on new ones; laughs at ancient superstitions and shivers over modern ones. It is at best but a Garden of Folly, whose chattering gardeners move a moment among the flowers, waiting for the sunset." (Mencius, or Stephen Leacock—no matter which.) "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort thee." Not yet has any one discovered a name under heaven given among men by which we can be saved other than the name of Jesus, to Whom be glory forever.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." (S. Mark v, 19.) God calls some to be flaming missionaries preaching the Everlasting Gospel to them that dwell far off on the earth; others are sent forth as the dove bearing the olive branch of peace to

them that are nigh. The Sisters of S. Anne in Chicago have received the more modest commission. They are not required, like Miriam, to lead the triumph-song of a nation; not called, with Deborah, to go forth to battle; not elected, with S. Catherine of Siena, to save a Church from corruption: our Lord has set before them the open door of their own Convent, and, if it please God, of a Hostel for young women.

We must not regard this domestic commission as less honourable or less influential than the vocation of foreign missionaries. In the home circle we are called to testify, as opportunity serves, to the reality and preciousness of Jesus.

In the Virgin Islands

"The love of Christ constraineth us."
(2 Cor. v, 14.)

IN 1921 a Convent of S. Anne was made in St. Thomas, the capital of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies—*Virorum Alborum Sepulchrum.* The love of Christ carries us along like a crowd. We are taken up in this mighty movement and swept along the appointed road! Or it arrests us and makes us willing prisoners. It is like a strong hand that binds us and we have no option but to go. A gracious necessity is laid upon us. We must.

There would be fewer disappointments and lost vocations if we remembered that the Religious Life is only romantic when we look forward to it or look back to it. It is the ship on the horizon that is romantic. To those on board there may be drudgery. The command to us is: "Launch out into the deep." And there are deeps—deeps of God's Word, deeps of God's grace, deeps of God's service—why, some of us only know as yet the shore and the shallows, we poor shrimpers!

God grant that we may learn more and more of the depths, the riches, the immensity, the endless surprise! We may be a bit staggered as we feel how frail we are, and how great and mighty is the deep of the Divine Will for us. "Each thought of Thine, a deep it is." The Breton fisherman's prayer may well come into our hearts as we feel the swell beneath us of the immensity of God's love, and God's purpose, and God's promise: "Lord, have mercy upon us; our boat is so little, and Thy sea is so great." When the disciples drew to land after their night of fishing, "Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine."

So it has always been. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Our Lord found secret refreshment in feeding other people. In vitalizing the Woman of Samaria He refreshed His own soul. The disciples were amazed when they returned to find that the weariness had gone out of His face and that He looked like One Who had been at a feast! That is the law of the Christian life. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." There is secret nutriment in the bread we give away. Our Lord gives us to eat of the "hidden manna" whenever we are seeking to refresh others. Distributed bread has sacramental efficacy for our own souls. These ways of service are especially open to Religious and Missionaries. There are

millions of weary people who are waiting like the Woman at the Well. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest!"

MOTHER LOUISE AT THE ENTRANCE

As soon as the urgent call came through the Missionary Bishop of Porto Rico for the Order of S. Anne to send Sisters to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, a little company was set apart in the Convent of S. Anne's House, Boston, and having elected a Mother, they set forth to live and work among Christ's poor in the West Indies. The people there are, for the most part, of African

descent, so that now the Sisters of S. Anne are at work among Europeans, Africans, Asiatics, and Americans.

Sir Frederick Treves, who had a magical pen, made his approach to St. Thomas in the early morning: "Another dim dawn, another dim island taking shape out of the mist, another blue bay in a circle of hills, and the steamer drops her anchor with a splash in the harbour of St. Thomas." Although he beheld the island before her toilet was made, he admits her to be the most attractive "in the whole sweep of the Windward Islands."

On three hills that seem to be holding hands are grouped the houses girt by gardens. All the roofs are of a brilliant red, so that the effect of

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them—cuddled together—is amazing and fascinating. The house walls are of all the colours that modistes have invented to tempt the imagination of women—tints of orange, blues, carmine, magenta, tan, sepia, old ivory, pearl, and the softest emerald. The town is "the fair Helen of the West Indies."

In the ultimate and universal sense, the most astonishing thing about the Virgin Islands is that more people are not astonished by them. We find ourselves in the position of the first frog whose pious and compact prayer was: "Lord, how you made me jump!" From the first moment of landing, life was transformed for us from a picnic to a crusade. There was a life to be lived, and a great work that could be done only by those who knew themselves to be of no consequence. It is written of our Blessed Lord that "He made Himself of no reputation." What a test it is! To endure hardship? Yes! To toil and pray terribly? Yes! But to make oneself "of no reputation"—that for many a Christian is the last full measure of devotion!

The climate in the Virgin Islands is subtropical, but let there be no mistake here. Nature, even in her serenest mood, is not powerful enough to iron out the creases in the minds of men and women and leave them white and smooth. Of all masters a perfect environment should be the

greatest autocrat. It should not be within the scope of possibility to squabble underneath the stars, and yet the petty failures of men and women, the sense of loneliness and of homesickness, go their appointed way, unaffected by the weather. It may be best that this is so, and that we are given an armour to protect us against oversusceptibility and remain ourselves, unaltered by this or that of beauty or ugliness. We are fashioned of clay that is less affected by climate or condition than people think. Our faults are not redressed, nor our favours enhanced much by the frame into which we are put. If it were otherwise there would be slight satisfaction in kisses given in the slums; nor for that matter could men lightly quarry into the sides of virgin islands and litter them with refuse of limestone and coral. The achievement of happiness and contentment reposes on more subtle foundations than a change of scenery.

In "The Testaments of François Villon," translated by John Hiram Lepper, privately printed by the Casanova Society, there occurs an invocation to Our Lady, written at the request of his mother, which each one of us would make her own in the presence of aught that is amiss:

"'Twixt me and all such doings intervene,
Oh, Virgin, in whose spotless breast did lie
The Sacrament that at the Mass is seen,
And in this faith I wish to live and die."

Take a steam roller over the beauty spots of the earth and cover the flattened surface with asphalt and there will be as many happy people afterwards. Plant the Bowery in New York or the East End of London with honeysuckles and roses, and misery will be as rife. The treasure of happiness is in ourselves, to give or take, find or lose, according to the Spirit of God that is within us or absent from us. Those who go to the Islands miss the sharpness of frost, the ice and snow of a New England winter. The four seasons are unsurpassable in their charm. The best of us can hardly appreciate the zest of life given by the procession of the seasons. No matter how old we are, though some of us may have seen seventy springs come and go, we know there was never a spring as fine as this. Though this may be a seventieth June, nature hands it out as a milliner holds out a new forty-five-dollar hat from which she has just removed the tissue wrappings. The seventieth September comes bearing brand-new things; and even the first snowflake of the seventieth winter is a new snowflake.

If the North American who sighs for the tropics ever attains domicile there, she has yet another sigh coming. After living for a while in a subtropical paradise, you want to see some poor rocky soil again and snow. We soon tire of the same

prospect. That bored look and languid behaviour so often seen among tropical people is due in large part to the everlasting sweet sameness of the land that knows no change. In America the world dresses anew four times a year in four great colour schemes—bright green, deep green and dusty brown, polychrome, and pure white. The Virgin Islands wear the same suit for best, and for every day, year in and year out.

Loneliness in the Mission Field is very real and often acute. In the ultimate reaches of the soul each one of us is inevitably alone—alone with God. The soul is an island home, and there is but One Who can walk upon the waters. Only one communion is possible there, and that the communion of the Holy Spirit; the great comforting answer of God to these necessary isolations is the Tree of Life. Poor misbelieving birds of God, we hover about a whole wood of the trees of life, venturing only here and there a peck, as if their fruit might be poison, and the design of our Creator was our ruin! We shake our wise, owl-feathered heads, and declare they cannot be the trees of life: that were too good to be true!

But the case of our missionaries may be stated almost precisely in the words of the Old Book: "And Moses heard the people weeping throughout their families, and Moses said unto the Lord,

Wherefore hast Thou evil-entreated Thy servant, and wherefore have I not found favour in Thy sight, that Thou layest the burden of all this people upon me? Have I conceived all this people, that Thou shouldst say, Carry them in thy bosom? . . . I am not able to bear all this people alone because it is too heavy for me."

Then God gave Moses helpers saying unto him by the voice of his father-in-law, Jethro: "They shall bear the burden of this people with thee . . . thou art not able to perform it thyself alone."

There is the loneliness that missionaries feel. Our Lord Himself perhaps chose men from the nets and lakeside, not primarily because He wanted Apostles, but because He wanted friends. "Ye are my friends, and all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you;" and again, "Ye are they that have continued with Me in My temptations." In the garden He took them as far as He could into the shadow of the trees, then he had to separate Himself by so much as a stone's throw—but only a stone's throw. That was not complete loneliness, *even there,* if they were within hail.

A soldier found himself, with a party of comrades, cut off, and almost surrounded by the enemy in a spinney. In a letter home he wrote, "We sat down and debated for two hours what we

should do. We voted for a dash, and got through. *I think I should have surrendered if I had been alone.* It was a mad dash."

A good many missionaries have been in that spinney, a few have surrendered, not in disloyalty, but for lack of corporate courage—for lack of company. One might add that even a General is surrounded by his staff.

Each fresh departure has been an adventure of faith. "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war," is quite a different proposition from Christian soldiers strolling down the street. In a campaign the general officers have to consider details of movements and the supply of food, the choice of roads and the moving of companies, so that they may not interfere with one another, but may give mutual support and help. The Church with its Religious Orders ought to be a mighty army in motion, though all the arrangements are generally made on the assumption that the Church is meant to be stationary, and that its officers and regiments should lead a sedentary life, their chief concern and interest being the construction of permanent barracks.

How can we not rejoice in seeing another, if we may change the simile, make the plunge? It is our hope that in the years to come, many another little company of Sisters may venture into the

deep. We feel as Canon Scott-Holland did on one occasion when he was launching a new magazine, like some ancient, seasoned, big-bonneted bathing-woman, up to her stout middle in the salt water, ducking and bobbing and clucking and curtseying, as she calls encouragingly to the

ENTRANCE TO ALL SAINTS' CHURCH
FROM THE CONVENT OF S. ANNE IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

shrinking newcomer and begs, "My little dearie" not to be afraid. And there are many other friends of the Order who will bob and duck and curtsey and cluck with us to signify their confidence that all will be well, when the first cold splash is over, and the breath has come back to the gasping body, and the feet have found their standing, and the eyes and nose are clear of salt,

and the joy of bathing in the free and open sea begins to be felt.

There will be a gasp and a splash just at first. The venture must be made, and the risk must be run. No one will be able to see quite what will happen later. But there is always room for such

BACK PART OF THE CONVENT YARD, SHOWING REPAIR WORK ON RUINED WALLS

an attempt, and it is splendid when it comes off. We all want it to be done on each fresh occasion better than we can do it ourselves. Certainly the full Religious Life has a rich and manifold message to the world. So we are convinced and we desire to find the pentecostal tongue in which to utter it. We recognize how imperfectly and in-

adequately we ourselves have delivered it, how little we ourselves have carried it home to those for whom it is meant. We will go on trying our very best, and we shall thank God if He may put it into the heart of others to take up the same task and to give themselves to the same cause.

Above all, let us give thanks to God for all His beauty. The air is heavy with the hum of murmurings, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations. Even in our relations with one another there is a certain phraseology becoming common that is hardly gracious, namely: "Thanking you by anticipation," or "Thanking you in advance." It is little short of discourtesy. In plain language it means: "I ask you to do something for me which will be to my advantage. I take it for granted you will be at the pains to do what I ask; but, when you have done it for me, I do not want to have the trouble to write again to thank you, even though you may have had some trouble in serving me; so please accept my thanks now, to save me the bother of writing to you again." We must not trust God in that fashion. "We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory."

Pray for a blessing. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STONE LUNETTE FROM TUSCANY

Benefactors

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and that which he hath given will he pay him again." (Prov. xix, 17.)

WE are not ashamed to receive contributions for our work because we "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

From the well-to-do we gladly accept an offering of alms, from rich and poor alike we beg a prayer and a blessing. "Your peace shall return to you." Is not that a fine text? If we fail in doing all the good that we attempted it makes no

difference. We ourselves get all that we tried to give to the other, whether we had success or not.

In default of any endowment we would be afraid to go on, if our eyes were fixed on the empty purse, rather than on the full and inexhaustible treasury of Him Who has said that all the gold and silver are His, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.

We believe that out of the abundance of our poverty, God will manifest the riches of His liberality. We believe, this and that House to be a plant of His own right hand's planting, and that He will fulfil His word: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." (Isai. xxvii, 3.)

Fortunately for the amusement of the world there are persons who take themselves very seriously. They can keep up a quarrel about nothing for years, and often thrust an impudent tongue out from the grave by reaffirming in a will their opinion of the person they have not loved. Friends who take themselves, by the mercy of God, less seriously may yet appropriately leave tokens of goodwill behind them for those whom they love and whom they desire to help.

It is the custom of the Gcalekas, an African tribe in Griqualand East, when they receive a present, to say: "Thank you. I am your dog. You are my beautiful master (or mistress). Do

not be tired tomorrow! (*i.e.*, continue your loving-kindness)." The Bacas are a neighbouring Pondo race. They live just to the south of the Griquas, and they, being prouder, only say: "Thank you. Do not be tired tomorrow!" The rich man who holds his things lightly, nor lets them nestle in his heart, who is a channel and no cistern, who is ever and always forsaking his money, starts in heaven side by side with the man who accepts, not hates, his poverty.

Every contribution, even the smallest, will be gratefully appreciated, as much assistance is needed. Charity is ingenious and will inspire our friends how best to help us. God has blessed many with abundant means. Let them, in their turn, bless God for His Goodness by devoting a part of their surplus means to His greater glory and the good of little children. We do not wish to prejudice home duties and charities. We only ask for the crumbs that fall from the table of abundance. The whole of this chapter has a serious purpose. It is to bear witness to what the Sisters have in all their houses discovered—how sad and bad for them had they not discovered it!—the goodness, the loving-kindness of God's friends.

The following words from the "Imitation of Christ" are worth considering:

"Trust not in thy friends and relatives, nor put off the welfare of thy soul to hereafter: for men will sooner forget thee than thou imaginest. It is better now to provide in time and send some good before thee than to trust to the help of others after thy death. If thou art not careful for thyself, who will be careful for thee hereafter?"

And these words also from the Epistle to the Hebrews:

"God is not unrighteous, that He will forget your works, and labour of love; which love ye have showed for His Name's sake, who have ministered unto the saints, and yet do minister."

As a token of our gratitude we remember our Benefactors, whose hearts are as large as all out-of-doors, daily in our prayers asking God's rich blessing upon them. Our work is as yet only in the blade; but in time, as it spreads to other countries, there will come the ear and the full corn in the ear—the new seed of a yet larger harvest. "They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy." Each one shall come home bringing his sheaves with him.

"For I intend to get to God,
For't is to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory, passed,
I lay my spirit down at last."

—R. Browning: *"Johannes Agricola."*

"The God of peace, Who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the Blood of the everlasting covenant; Make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight; through Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Any one of the scattered convents of S. Anne is like living in S. John Fourteen. "In My Father's house are many mansions." Each separate house or cottage is a pleasant enough place, this one painted white, that one weathered grey, and another with motherly wings to it like spreading skirts. Each one of them is sweet and plain like a good woman's heart, and it has been sanctified by the prayers and lives of many Sisters and babies with their guardian angels. If in the country, in front of each is a hedge of sorts and a good little gate with an erection over it that looks like an old lady's sunbonnet. There are thickets of low-growing shrubs on every hand, flowers of divers varieties, forsythia to Michaelmas daisies, hyacinths and jonquils, to roses, lilacs, johnny-jump-ups and heather. It's the kind of garden that women make according to their feelings, not according to rules or perspectives and artistic sensibilities. If somebody gives you a bulb or a cutting, you hurry home and stick it in

the ground where it'll get the sun or the shade, according to the nature of that plant, but without the least regard to whether its position conforms to the tyranny of the artistic eye or not.

If you know how to interpret such a garden, with its lilies, rhododendrons, annuals, herbaceous borders in the foreground, and little piles of sticks and brush covering some spot in the background, like Nature's dead whiskers, it becomes to you the blooming picture of the hearts of women who love the happiness and prosperity of their flowers. If it's in a city such as Boston, Shasi, or Chicago, you may look for spiritual blossoms and bouquets, and you will not look in vain.

We pray that some one may light and maintain a beacon fire where we have struck a sputtering match; that some one may have the priceless privilege of providing here or there a House of Rest and Retreat ample enough for the pilgrims who come. A House of Refuge for the weary and heavy-laden. Do what you can. Offer the best that you have. The old legend of the building of Sancta Sophia in the days of Justinian tells of a poor woman who eclipsed in the sight of God the costly offerings which the Emperor had made in his pride, by the little help which she was able to give. A handful of hay to the oxen as they were panting and toiling under the weight of stones; just a little grass, a wisp of straw, was her contribution. And the Angel's record read: "This house the widow Euphrasia gave to God." Only let us leave "the record" to

the angels. The portraits of donors, surrounded by sculptured cherubs, in a Church do not tend to create in the minds of observers the impression of unworldly motives, or a delicate self-effacement.

There is music in our hearts as we think of you our benefactors. We might as well sing a little as we walk. The sky may be grey. The rain may fall. Life may be a little burdensome sometimes. But we think of One Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured a Cross. The little burdens that we carry can hardly be dignified by such a word, though they may be little crosses suited to our age and stature. By and by the end will come where rest is, where troubles and trials, noises and sorrows do not vex. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land which is very far off." Let us then make melody in our heart as we walk and climb the Heights.

Associates

"The people had a mind to work." (Neh. iv, 6.)

PERSONS of either sex are welcomed as Associates of the Order provided they be of honest calling, of exemplary life, have sufficient means for decent support, and are in sympathy with the aim and objects of the Order as stated in the Rule of Life.

In time of trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity, Associates may ask for the special intercessions of the Community. Every month Associates as well as benefactors who have departed this life will be remembered and prayed for at a Requiem in the Convent Chapel.

On one side of the medal worn by Associates is the Figure of the Holy Child. His arms are outstretched, in welcome no less than in self-surrender, and behind Him is the Tree of Life. On either side of the Tree are the words *"Pro Eis"*—"For their sakes." That was our Saviour's motto. In those words He gathered up His experience from Bethlehem to Calvary. "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

The Sisters of S. Anne are glad to welcome into their company as Associates like-minded men, women, and children in the world who desire to help them in their work, with prayer, alms, or other activities. It is the story of Bo-Peep in large. The company of all conscience-stricken Christians who have lost their children and cannot tell where to find them. It is a comradeship in penitence open to all who, out of their passionate loyalty to the command of our Lord Christ, "Go, and do likewise," and out of their love for children, desire to find and feed the lambs of the flock of Christ.

Each Associate promises to say an Our Father every day and to help the Sisters in any way possible with offerings of money, clothing, or food. We do not have to search very long for those children whom we have lost. *Gems* tells each month how poor Bo-Peep tries to care for some of them when they are found.

Associates and other friends are always welcome at any one of the Convents of S. Anne. Only let the Reverend Mother know in good time ahead if you wish to make her a visit that she may be prepared. Sometimes a Mother is obliged to say regretfully that another guest could not be squeezed in even with a shoehorn. When Maria Edgeworth wrote offering herself to her Aunt

Ruxton, she added: "You know, my dear Aunt, I can sleep in a drawer;" and Aunt Ruxton answered: "I know you can, my dear, and you are welcome; but write a day beforehand that I

A PRIVATE ENTRANCE, S. JOSEPH'S GATE

may have the drawer ready." Our space is limited and our inability now and then to receive a guest may seem like unwillingness. But it is not really so. We have no liking for a stingy host, such as was Jean Faure, sieur of Brumières, a very rich bourgeois of Paris in the seventeenth century. He kept three logs of wood on the hearth of his handsome drawing room. These logs were soaked in water, so that the kindling wood when it was put beneath them burned and the logs only sweated. When his guests left, if the fire of the kindling had dried the logs too much, they were again soaked in water.

Each Associate endeavours to do her share of prayer and work while living in the world and going about her several duties.

> "Across the sea, dividing land from land,
> Across the separating tracts that part
> Friend from the sight of friend, a tiny Hand
> Links heart to heart.
> That Infant Touch is strong to clasp and bind
> All that is true and pure, and hold it fast,
> Till in the fulfilment of His perfect Mind
> He will restore each friend to friend, at last!"

A little to the north of us, where sleighs are drawn by dogs, each dog has his own place in the team. New dogs are placed in the center of the team to be trained. If one shirks his work, the dog behind him nips his flanks until he has learned to do his share of the pulling. Christians

are kinder than that. But we also learn by pulling together what our share of the work is, and bend our shoulders to the trace.

Let there be team-work. A boy being asked what was his position in the school football team, replied, with some hesitation: "I'm not really sure, but I think I'm a draw-back." We must none of us be a draw-back. Crumbs in the bed may be endured, and an eyelash may be removed from the eye; but she who is always tardy causeth anguish continually.

Our watchword is *"Pro Eis,"*—"For their sakes." There is our religion. "Go and do thou likewise." The only religion that can really do anything for us is the religion that makes us want to do something for others. We reckon that religion is almost as much a thing of the street as of the stars. Every Religious and every Associate should light up a bit of the road. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Which is in heaven."

The scenes shift for us in life as they do in a play. The curtain falls, the plans we made roll down with it. Then it rises on the next act and we are hardly aware of any change. We think we shall go on living as before, but we never do. We have been promoted. Or may be from having

been the star we become the villain, or the buffoon, or one of those living lay figures so often seen on the stage grouped to one side, who have nothing to do, no lines to say; "supers," they are called; life is full of them, men and women who seem always to stand and watch the world go by, no power in them to raise the dust. But they observe us with a measuring eye as we go by doing our little stunt, and whisper their comments one to another. These are often more to be feared than the omniscience of the Almighty, because they are not omniscient, and chiefly because one's experience is that the defeated or the inefficient are the most critical of all critics. They seem sometimes like dead people with malignant eyes fixed upon the living.

But it may not be really so. To be human is to be on the defensive, somewhere, somehow. And these silent people who refuse to cheer the passing show we are making, may be worthier than those of us who by some fluke of circumstance obtain a more prominent part.

Lord Beaconsfield has defined the practical man in one of his novels as "the man who practices the errors of his forefathers." May God deliver us from the sterility which waits upon a so-called practicality. If we would improve upon the knowledge of our ancestors we must have seers

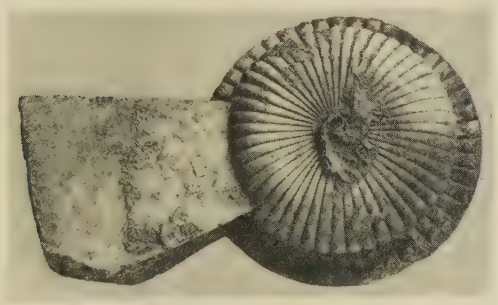
and dreamers who may arrive at new points of view. "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."

Of course what we have accomplished, by God's grace, is not much compared with what others have done elsewhere; only one measures by relation, and sometimes the little that they do who have had a small chance, and a short time, seems greater than the accomplishment of more able gifted people. In the Order of S. Anne we have no profound scholarship, no powerful earthly friends, none who are highly talented. The widow's mite system of arithmetic is a lovely one.

How many times have we seen the garden fence hung from post to post with suspension bridges glistening with dew. This is the marvelous engineering of the spiders, whom certain Orientals call "God's little children." Every one of their slender cables was thrown to the winds of night in simple faith. How did the builder know that it would find truss and scaffold to which it might cling? How did it know? God was its Counsellor. We all must build for eternity in the same way. Only believe. "The just shall live by faith."

To him that believeth a mighty arm is revealed, reached down from heaven to help and deliver.

The Order of S. Anne is a grain of mustard seed that shall, please God, rise and grow, till its branches overshadow the earth and the birds—the sons and daughters of men—come and lodge in the shade thereof. We are still few. But the work is the work of God. His smile is on us; and our children, according to His promise, shall fill the land.



UNDER SIDE OF EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY HOLY WATER BASIN AT NUNS' DOOR, FROM A CHURCH IN VELLETRI

The Life of the Sisters

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (S. John x, 10.)

THE Life to which we are called is not always understood by others. As is a toadstool to a pyramid, so is our life to that of the great prototypes of Religion. We are not profound scholars or famous recluses; we are not eminent saints nor can we even call ourselves great penitents. Only we do desire the Will of God. Many a friend we have who may not agree with us. But Christians must be prepared to do justice to those from whom they differ in opinion. Otherwise Christianity, which ought to be the Great Uniter, becomes the Great Divider. Pray God we be not of those who say: "Forbid him because he followed not us." Who are we that we should have anything but veneration for those who love our Lord, but to whom feast and fast, changing season and ritual seem to be empty formalities? Only we would have these dear ones understand us better, not brand us—who think these things good—for slaves of an empty formalism, content with a

lower standard than their own. We also, in spite of our more frequent observance of ceremonial rites, are only content if we can approximate the equally ancient record, "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God." We would have them believe that our loyalty and sincerity, our love of good, our wish for light are deep and genuine as their own—in a word, that, for all our tithing of mint, anise, and cummin ("these ought ye to have done"), we also try not to leave the other undone, we also are on the side of the angels. Considering the frightfulnesses which have been committed by heresy-hunters in His Name, the burnings and the torturings and the devastations of wide countries, all under the pretense of uprooting the heretical tares, surely intolerance of the logical or theological error must be hateful in God's sight. A high purpose is good, but if there be in addition a low coefficient of sociability, it may spell failure in a Community.

What is our Vocation? It is a call to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." It is to Calvary that He goes. At the life profession of a Sister of S. Anne a crown of thorns is put upon her head. This was His legacy to us. What else besides His peace and His love had He to leave us? No house: "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not

CARRYING THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IN WINTER

where to lay His Head." No land, even for a grave. No gold, no silver; Judas took all that in the bag. No clothing; the soldiers had that. His Spirit He bequeathed to His Father's hands; His Body S. Joseph begged. His Mother was left to S. John. To us He left His peace, the Cross He died upon, a few nails, and thorns. It is a fitting symbol of the beautiful life of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

His Hands were nailed to the Cross, so that He can no longer use them to do one good deed. What does He now do? He offers up His bound hands and they redeem the world. Those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" bind their hands in poverty to the Cross, that they may no longer minister to personal comfort. In our Poverty many kind acts we can no longer do. But by the grace of God we may by our prayers go much further in blessing and do more good than we ever could with our freedom.

His Feet were nailed to the Cross. He had gone about "doing good." Now He can no longer move, but He draws all men unto Himself. In those who follow Him it is the same in their measure: the nun's feet are bound by Holy Obedience. She can no longer go here and there at her own will. It may be a temptation to "come down from the Cross," but from the Cross she

can minister in places her feet could never have reached.

His Heart was pierced. So it is with the Religious vowed to Chastity. The convent rules seem only meant to repel. Silence, austerity, mystery fill the passer-by with pity that young people should leave a healthy life among their friends and kinsfolk for one so unnatural. But within there is a power that transforms and enlarges all—Love. The virtue of Chastity, looked at from outside of the life, seems harsh, severe, inhuman. Inside there is Love. Love for Jesus alone compels those who enter, and love alone holds them.

The Order of S. Anne is based on domestic principles, rather than military. Its ideal is a family, not a regiment. But a Religious, no less than a soldier, must give up her own initiative and obey orders; she must give up her own private appetite and eat at a mess prepared for all; she must surrender her own tastes and make friends with all classes; she gives up her own quarters and sleeps in something like a barracks; she must give up her own stride and learn to march with others. She must become a unit of a large organization, a molecule of a great organism. If she were to lose the stiffening in her spinal column and become a mollycoddle, or complain about growing old, and show the white feather, it would

be sad. "Many are called, few are chosen." Some who are chosen go back. History repeats itself. In Numbers xi, 5, we have a grand example of this in small; the flesh-pots of Egypt are boiling as briskly still as in days of old.

Sisters of the Second Order of S. Anne do not correspond to the Third Order of S. Francis; they live by the same Rule of S. Anne, in no way differing from the First Order, except that by the Rule they are permitted to wear a dress that makes it possible for them to engage, when required, in certain mechanical, agricultural, educational, chemical, nursing, or business avocations that might be more difficult of accomplishment were they obliged to wear the fourteenth century Habit of the First Order of Nuns.

A cheerful, uncomplaining spirit is a requisite for admission to any convent. "When the people complained it displeased the Lord." They were only having a bit of a grumble, but God was doing His best for them and "it displeased the Lord" when they fretted. Again we read: "Neither murmur ye as some of them also murmured and were destroyed of the destroyer." Borrow trouble for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't come to a convent and lend it to your sisters. Murmurers carry within themselves the dull mists and miasmas of unhappiness, which is apt to increase as time goes

on, and at last blinds and poisons those who harbour such.

In fact, a convent is no cave of Adullam to which "every one in distress, and every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented" may gather themselves. We are afraid of Adullamites who say to one another: "If you will scratch my back, I will scratch yours; and if you won't, I will scratch your face." Such cave-dwellers, as will be easily seen, are not refined enough to be agreeable life-companions.

We should not be misled into looking back to what has been before us, and striving to reproduce what we find. We see what Religious Communities grew to be, and it is better not to try to form associations after the same model. We might hope to see an association springing into existence as the result of merely human combination. But a Religious Community is not merely a college of pious and devout persons occupied in beneficent pursuits. There must be a Religious *Life*. This cannot be originated by human effort, it is only by Divine Vocation. "Thus saith the Lord!" The daily recitation of the Divine Office in every convent is a great bond of unity. Walter Pater writes how in the early years of the Church, the Office of the Ninth Hour, 3 p.m., "was like a stream of water crossing unexpectedly a dusty

way—*Mirabilia testimonia tua!* In psalm and antiphon, inexhaustibly fresh, the soul seemed to be tracing refuge, at that undevout hour, from the sordid langour and the mean business of men's lives, in contemplation of the unfaltering vigour of the divine righteousness, not only watchful in the night but alert in the drowsy afternoon. Yes! there was the sheep astray, . . . the physical world; with its lusty ministers, at work, or sleeping for a while amid the stubble, their faces upturned to the August sun—the world so importunately visible, intruding a little way, with its floating odours, in that semicircle of heat across the old over-written pavement at the great open door, upon the mysteries within."

Those "floating odours" of the old world are more common than many suppose. Among those that we notice in one convent garden are pine trees on a hot day. Leaf mold after rain. Brake fern newly crushed. Strawberry leaves when dying. Newly split wood. A rubbish fire. Sweet-scented grass up near S. Elizabeth's Seat; so vague and elusive is the fragrance in the air that search cannot trace the exact source. Ripe apples. Box trees in the early morning of a warm day. The under slice of turf. New-mown grass. And nothing has been said about flowers such as honeysuckle, apple-blossom, wall-flowers, mignonette,

yellow alyssum, azaleas, hyacinths, roses, violets, Annunciation lilies and lilies-of-the-valley, sweet-peas, lilacs, syringas, the fragrant flowering black-currant near S. Joseph's House on a bright, sunny day in spring, and fallen leaves in autumn.

"Thus saith the Lord!" Probably any person or community of persons would be willing to go out as missionaries if they felt that God were calling them. We believe that our Blessed Lord has commanded us to go forth and we have tried not to be disobedient to the heavenly vision. But, oh, how we long for the priceless boon of nearness. When as missionaries we first left home, with Cowper we seemed "to be banished to a remoteness, in comparison with which the distance from the East to the West was juxtaposition, or even cohesion." Now we have become adjusted to the sense of physical separation and we find ourselves in the spiritual vicinity of all our friends and of Jesus.

"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

THE FIRST ORATORY IN S. JOHN'S HOUSE
HERE THE FATHER FOUNDER BROUGHT THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT
CHRISTMAS, 1904
HERE ALSO MOTHER ANNE DIED IN 1922

The Life of the Sisters

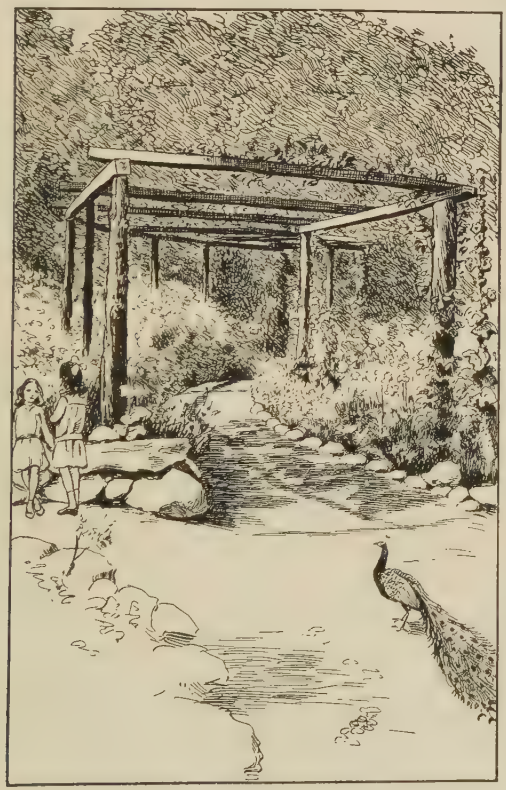
[CONTINUED]

"Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another. . . .

O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life." (Ps. xc, 1, 14.)

GOD, what a Psalm that is! "Change and decay in all around I see." A thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. In the morning we are like the grass which groweth up. "In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered." Well, let us make the best of it. It's a pity to shut our eyes to the fact, and almost a disaster to be angry. If any bitter thing is said, let it be forgotten; if anything amusing is observed, let it be recorded. For unless we are ready to smile at ourselves we cannot expect any one to take us seriously.

We are not unlike Alice who found it difficult to answer the question of the Caterpillar: "Who are you?" "I hardly know, Sir, just at present,"



THE PERGOLA IN THE GARDEN OF TRUTH

said Alice, "at least, I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then." "Explain yourself," said the Caterpillar sternly. "I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, Sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

She really was herself all the time, but she did not feel or look like herself, for she had changed sizes so often, and the crotchety Caterpillar would not help her out or put her at ease by explaining who *he* was.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could. "No!" said the Caterpillar.

To the looker-on a Religious Community may be as big a puzzle as Alice was. One moment she was tall and the next she was short; and others see us sometimes stretching out to New Zealand, China, England, or the Virgin Islands, and then again reduced to small proportions. Therefore, when people say, "Explain yourself," we feel like saying: "I can't explain myself, because at this moment I am not my real self, so you must be patient, sir; and listen to my story. If only I could be myself you would find that I am quite the orthodox size: I long to get back to it, and the last thing I want to do, sir, is to deceive you. It would help matters, too, if you

would not be gruff and would tell me exactly who *you* are."

Well, we aspire to the complete and the infinite, but we do not seek to attain completeness by means of general and abstract terms. Our love for the universal would manifest itself in a love for every simple detail. By the blessing of God a body may reach the Infinite equally by dint of the accumulation or the rejection of finite things.

The most hopeful thing about us is that we are eager to acknowledge our unworthiness, at least it would seem so. Whatever the besetting sin of our Communities may be, surely it is not wilful duplicity. We publish abroad in little papers and wee books our failures. We can truthfully say with S. Paul, "We are a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and men."

How do we spend our time? Well, in a country convent one day is very much like another; years jumble themselves together so that it is difficult to distinguish them. Recourse must often be had to diaries, or to *Memorabilia,* to verify dates. We do not estimate time by the Almanac; we remember the month that the fence at the Garden of Truth was painted green, or the year when the Wall at the foot of Seldom Seen was built; or the November of the great ice storm; or the winter when there was so much snow that

novices could have walked out from the upstairs windows to Chapel, and Mother Anne died; or the summer that there was a frost on the Feast of the Assumption; or the autumn that Sister Jesu Maria slipped and broke the bone in her leg so that she goes lame to this day; or the spring in which Dolores climbed the old stump in which the bluebirds always built and smashed it down; or the time of the great drought when the well went nearly dry, and the heat almost suffocated us. Days and months and years are significant for what they bring, not because of names or numerals affixed to them two or three thousand years ago. It is easy for us here to lose account of the passage of time, one year is so happily like another, from Advent to the Feast of S. Anne, from Thanksgiving to Lent and Easter. The great snows accumulate and encrust on the window-panes. Motor headlights cut tunnels in the whirling white bewilderment of wind. Trucks pass the house, the engines roaring as the heavy cars plough hissingly into the drifts and slue and skid through them, and the stark cold grips the land; then by slow degrees the bitterness of the cold is modified, the snow shrinks, billowy drifts lose their imposing proportions, and one morning a warm rain or wind dissolves the last of them. Bluebirds are here again on the lawn; sweet and

The Shrine of
Saint Anne
in the Chapel
at
S. John's House

wet, a myriad tiny Cadmus spears of pale green grass and crocus leaves are pushing up. The frost-churned earth becomes a pudding of wet loam; that passes, and the leaves are lifted from the pansy-beds, the roses are uncovered, and the orioles return. Almost before winter is gone it is time to begin preparing for the May-pole dance, and close upon the heels of that, suppers out-of-doors, and soon locusts are singing among the Black-eyed Susans. Then comes Hallowe'en, Candlemas, and the snows again.

Such years are cut to a pleasant pattern. There is little to distinguish them. One child graduates from High School and goes to College; another goes off to train as a nurse, or, it may be, to marry. Now and then a baby child or grandchild is brought to the Chapel to be christened. Sometimes there is a Confirmation or the wedding of a favorite child in Chapel, and sometimes there is a funeral of a Sister. You must look closely to discover the small changes in the convent. Caps, veils, coifs and wimples disguise the finger prints of time. Abruptly you discover that while children have grown to be men and women, this Sister and that one has grown old. Minutes build themselves into days and weeks and years so silently that you do not suspect they are at work until some sudden revelation leads you to per-

THE MAY QUEEN

ceive that half a score of years has gone. It is a holy and delightful monotony of prayer and service, a foretaste of the blessed monotonies of Heaven.

Life to many is like a trout-stream winding down among New England hills. You fish along, getting one here and there, but what keeps you going isn't the fish; it's that you want to see what's round the next bend. If you come to an open space where you can see ahead you lose interest, but as long as a bend hides something you keep on. Of course it's foolish; you know it will be the same old stream, but something goads you on. It says maybe you'll find a pool better than all the other pools, and bigger fish. You don't believe it with your head, but something else believes it and you can't quit, whether the fish are few or many. That's one reason why we keep on going till the dark comes, and suddenly realize that we're ten hard miles away from home, or a good year, or some such matter.

There is more of pleasure than of pain, more of health than of sickness, more of summer than of winter in our life. When the cry of spring fills the air, the earth comes to life again as a young priestess vested in white and gold, with cherry blossoms in her hair, and bluebells on her toes. Then we open chapel doors and windows;

PRIESTS IN THE MAY PROCESSION

so that the robins, grosbeaks, and wrens may assist at Mass out there in the apple trees where the bloom is breaking against a smudgy, sweet, grey sky that shall give us holy water, or in the brightest of sunshine.

It is strange how much thrilling joy there is in the discovery of the age-old miracle of returning life in the garden; each green adventurer, each fragrant joy, each bird-call, and the feel of the soft warm air after winter. The maples and birches seem to spring from the ground like a fire. The elm and oak are flushed in their highest branches with the first promise of foliage. Everywhere the spring seems like a runner stooping in readiness for the signal to start. It is a bold chronicler who will undertake the description of a New England day in the spring. An inventory must suffice. The stage is set for May, the curtain-raiser of the summer. Rows of yellow daffodils blink like foot-lights. Tulips, striped, yellow and crimson, stand up as straight as they can upon their stalks, like rows of soldiers, and look defiantly across the grass at the roses, not yet out, and say: "We are quite as splendid as you are." The apple trees are in blossom, the children also in white and pink. The grass is green, the sunshine mellow. Like a turquoise cover the sky pins us in. The air, heady with

ozone and made memorably sweet by countless flowers, gives savour to the breath. At night in the sky is a great round, yellow searchlight, which we know to be no moon, but the dark lantern of summer, who comes to hunt northward the retreating spring.

S. AUDREY'S WELL

Then the work of gardening begins. As soon as the seed catalogue begins to look attractive you may know that the backbone of winter is broken. To work! How odd it is that solemn, singular bipeds, whom other bipeds for convenience' sake call Nuns, should stand about with sharp-pointed sticks called forks, and scratch the skin of this aged planet. She stretches herself in

the sunlight, purrs like an old cat, and expresses her pleasure in the curious and useful effluvium we call peas. To work! The beans are dying of thirst, the tomatoes clamour for us, the beets hold out their hands! Let no one say that we are free. Miserable thralls that we are to children and beans—particularly beans. Spending hours on our knees before beans.

Then we find ourselves in the midst of June. Rose-scented, bird-hatching June. "O ye Sun and Moon . . . O ye Stars . . . ye Green Things upon the Earth . . . ye Fowls of the Air . . . Beasts and Cattle . . . Children of Men . . . bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever." "A Land of Hills and Valleys that drinketh water of the rain of heaven, a land which the Lord thy God careth for. The eyes of the Lord are always upon it." O dear sister earth, O little world and great, thou art lovely and dear, and the sun of God shines upon us and the sweet dews fall: and here were we born, and loved, and here shall we die, and here also we bless Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For in no other world, though it be ever so vast, is it given to any to know the Lord in the darkness, and follow Him groping, and make way through sin and death, and overcome the evil, and conquer in His Name.

The transformations of the orchard are violent

and sudden. One day it will be in a pattern of brown and pink, spring-like green. The next day the trees are clothed as with flakes of pink snow, by another day it will be like a summer snowfall. Then the rosy and yellow-green apples. Small

BOOK PLATE OF THE SISTERS' LIBRARY

indigo blue flowers, clusters of tight little bells like a minute hyacinth, blossom under the trees. Each tiny bell gives out a prodigious, concentrated smell of honey and peaches. Speaking of peaches suggests other fruit that has to be picked, each in its season, cherries and plums, raspberries and currants and strawberries. A patch is undoubtedly a sign of poverty. Every thrifty gardener keeps her land well-dressed, but she has no reason to be ashamed of a berry-patch.

A Maréchal Niel rose climbs the chapel wall to woo our Dorothy Perkins, and when night lets down her warm dark hair powdered with star-dust, she breaks at the same time an alabaster box of ointment—evening stocks and syringa.

So the months pass. The calendar is not needed to tell us when September is at hand. We should know it in any case by the Garden of Truth. For this enclosure keeps faithful tally of the passing months. In the spring it sent up its incense from the expectant clod, and during June and July much mysterious business was astir; the young shoots broke the earth and birds piped. Presently the flowery banners and tassels floating in the breeze, marked summer in full tide. And when the garden, faithful to its schedule, heralds September, it is somewhat jaded and worn from the summer's toil. Its children are dry and

tanned from long exposure to the sun. Golden-rod, thistles, fireweed, and mulleins bespeak the passing of summer. Wayside Michaelmas daisies and chickory flaunt themselves far and wide. Delicacy and freshness of bloom give place to mass and ripeness. The earlier prophetic aromas of the bursting sod give way to heavier and spicier odours of pines and ripened clover and full-cheeked grapes. But the flower fragrance of May is not more delicious than the concentrated sweetness of ripe berries and fruits.

October is a month apart and precious. Always the convent hums and tinkles with the friendly life of Sisters and children. The babies and the old women among us rejoice in the gold of the year's last sunshine, cherished as the last few drops in an almost empty flask. There are bright gold patches on the fast yellowing green of birch and elm. Then there is the gaiety of autumn flowers—swallows and martins about to depart set the air quivering with their ecstatic flight. From the whole scene one gets the very essence and savour of autumn—the smell of ripening apples in the orchard, and of burning leaves by the roadside.

November brings with it the solemnities of All Saints and All Souls. The righteousness of the saints is all stored up in God's treasury. It all

comes from God Himself, but it may be imparted to us by the Saints. They may be the channels of His grace. Think how we have trapped the sunlight. Why do candles shine? Because we have trapped the sunshine. Why does the lamp burn? Because we have trapped the sunshine. Why do coal and wood give out heat in the fireplace? Because we have trapped the sunshine. It all comes from the sun; all that light and bright-shining and warmth started in the sun, but we receive it through the candle, the lamp, and the furnace. So it is with the prayers of the Saints. They are stronger and better than we; they help us, and we may ask for their help. You can't get the shining light of the candle outside in the fields on a dark night; you can't get the warmth of the furnace outside among the hills. You must come inside where the candle and lamp and the fire are if you want their comfort. So you must keep company with the Friends of God, living and departed. We believe in the Communion of the Saints.

Last of all the Feast of our Lord's Nativity. Preparations for Christmas involve thinking out not only presents but many a little scheme for making the Feast a thoroughly happy one for those dear to us. And for the Catholic there is preparation to be made for Christmas that ranks

above all others, however right and necessary they may be, the preparation of one's own heart to give our Blessed Lord a really loving and happy welcome on His Birthday.

BOOK PLATE FOR THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY
BY MARGARET ELY WEBB

Each one intends to receive Jesus on Christmas Day in the Holy Communion. Each one fully intends to approach the altar with a soul cleansed and made ready to receive Him through His own

Precious Blood in the Sacrament of Penance. A part of our preparation is to keep Advent in accordance with the mind of the Church by seriously considering the end for which we have been created, and by facing, in all possible humility, the great certainty of death and judgment, and the two solemn alternatives that lie beyond. Beyond death lies eternal happiness or eternal loss. Our Lord by coming has made Heaven a possibility for us in spite of our unworthiness; but apart from Him, and apart from a faithful persevering use of the saving gifts He offers, only the other alternative remains.

At least we have not lived in a backwater. God has let us taste the living waters and feel something of the fierce swirl of the river of life as it rushes on its headlong course.

We do not concern ourselves about politics over-much. The burning questions of the day do not burn us; for we have made up our minds that to attend for the most part to business that can only be done by women is the best way by which we may serve God and our neighbour.

After all, as Father Charles Marson has observed, a convent "is only a little slice of the big world pudding. It has the same ingredients, and in much the same proportion as the big slice we call a town or county. If any one can

understand the play of forces and their resultant, the old stirrings and boilings, the coolings, heatings, chemical changes, the meaning of the suet, raisins, currants, peel, flour, eggs, and brandy [O mirth and innocence; ye happy mixture of more happy days!] that one finds in that little slice, one would interpret the big slice, or the whole, just as readily." To change the metaphor: the game of life is much the same, whether one plays it on a checkerboard the size of a fritillary petal, or on one with sides as broad as Table Mountain and as long as the Andes.

"Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true,
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!"

May God teach us all to be more grateful for His blessings, and may gratitude deepen our sense of responsibility.

"Show Thy servants Thy work: and their children Thy glory.

And the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us; O prosper Thou our handywork."

Pray God for a blessing. It has been said that it is a natural instinct which makes the

human race to which so many of our readers belong wish that every religious service should end with a blessing. It might be more accurate to say that it is a supernatural instinct, but certainly nothing is more grateful and quieting to the heart than

"the benediction
That follows after prayer."

THE APPROACH TO THE ANGEL ROCK

So let this book close. The faces of the readers are unknown to many of the Sisters, even as the pilgrims who called through the darkness were unknown to the watchman upon the Temple walls. But wherever you are, at least a benediction shall go after you. Your life is a pilgrimage. May mercy follow you out of Zion, and peace bring you to your home! Farewell!

Conclusion

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." (Eccles. xii, 13.)

WHEN manuscripts in the Middle Ages were finished, it was customary for the copyist to put at the end the word *explicit,* an abbreviation of *explicitus est hic liber*—meaning, "this book is finished."

"Well the worker earned his wage,
Bending o'er the blazoned page!
Tired the hand and tired the wit
Ere the final *explicit.*"

—Austin Dobson.

Before we inscribe that last word let it be said that the end of the matter is this.

The Houses for Children at S. John's House, Arlington Heights, and at S. Augustine's Farm, Foxboro, Massachusetts, are small enough to permit of a homely life for each child and Sister that lives there. Here God first knit our dry bones into a body of flesh and blood. The Houses appeal to those who value home life in the ordinary sense of the words; for they are Homes not Institutions. It has been a principle in their

beginning and continuance that what a child needs is the family life of a proper home; that if a child is so unfortunate, because of some domestic tragedy, as not to have a proper natural home with father and mother, brothers and sisters, the best help that can be given to that child is to place it in a Home that is as homelike as possible. To place it in an institution where there are a hundred, two hundred children, or more, with the consequent machinery of institution life, is hardly ideal. To board the child out with little assurance of proper discipline, or of religious training, while better than leaving the child homeless, is to provide a poor substitute for a home. Each child is a gem, not always of "purest ray serene," but precious and deserving of a jewel box, lined, if not with green velvet, at least with tender loving-kindness.

Children under the care of Sisters of S. Anne live in small houses; the model is the Cottage Home at Nazareth. The children are not all dressed alike and run in a common mould; they have a kindergarten at home, and, when old enough, go with other children of the neighbourhood to the excellent public school near by. They are also loved and mothered. To those who do not like the thought of military discipline for little children, who believe in the need of a love which unfolds, this will mean a great deal.

COASTING DOWN THE LONG PATH

The Sisters of S. Anne who are in charge stand for the conviction that every child needs, ideally in home life, the Catholic Religion. We are not Roman Catholic, but we are proud to be Catholics. We are not concerned with Papal accretions or Protestant negations, and, with due regard to what has been said above, we are in all humility ready to learn from our neighbours, whether Christian or otherwise, with whom we desire to live in charity and peace. We belong to the American Church, in communion with the Church of England. It is our belief that a vague religious sentimentality, or an amiable nature worship, or a dull sedate Sunday School religion, are poor substitutes for the simple and satisfying teachings of the Catholic Faith. Our children are taught not only to say the Catechism, but to live it; not only to believe the Catholic Faith, but to practice it and love it. They use the Sacraments from the earliest moment at which they can profit by their use. They learn to swim and skate; to play tennis, croquet, and basket ball; to tend a garden, and to know the wild flowers from the wild birds. Early the elements of housekeeping are taught the little girls of the house, how to bathe and feed a baby, how to prepare a meal, to sweep a floor, to make a bed, to nurse the sick. They are taught how rightly to possess things. The right to hold

property is as ancient as the race. It is also fresh, as only ancient things are fresh. It is as fresh as spring or childhood or the challenge of youth to life; it is fresh because it is old, because it is a romance that recurs. It is normal to man to possess. He may go without possessions

THE SWIMMING POOL

because he is a Religious, or he may be robbed of his possessions by a bandit; that is to say, he may lose his hand for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, or have it cut off by torturers of the kingdom of hell. But while he has a hand, his hand is meant to hold something; not somebody else's belongings, but his own. It is, on the one side, because this sense of property is primary and

not artificial that the whole philosophy of communism is fundamentally false. And, on the other side, what is the matter with capitalism is not that the hand thus grasping something is an individual hand, but that it is an isolated hand. In other words, it is not that it is a full hand, but that it

AT WORK AMONG THE VEGETABLES

leaves so many hands empty. Children may easily be taught how to possess rightly, and how to bestow generously, without patronage, on others less fortunate than themselves.

We, with them, must endeavor to learn Christ. A physician without learning of medicine is a quack; a lawyer without learning of law is a pettifogger; and a Christian without learning of

Christ is like a soldier without his sword. A cheerful obedience. That is the lesson. In Baruch we read how: "The stars shined in their watches, and rejoiced: when He calleth them, they say, Here we be; and so with cheerfulness they shewed light unto Him that made them."

The question is often asked, "What becomes of the children after they leave the convent?" They go to college; they train in hospitals; they become teachers or enter business; they marry and bear children—according to their several ability; or they may, please God, try their vocation in Religion.

"What man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With spaniel nose, and eagle eyes,
Can tell this hour what th' next will fling us,
Or whether joy or sorrow bring us?"
—JOHN HEATON in *"The Flying Dragon."*

The test of sound education lies less in what we know, or in the examinations that we pass, and more in the use we are making of our knowledge. Generally speaking we are, nowadays, not only indifferent to beauty, but extraordinarily indifferent to ugliness.

Greek civilization was preëminent in the admirable use it made of what it knew. Yet measured by our standards, it knew very little—no newspapers, no movies, no museums with

skeletons and stuffed monkeys, no Carnegie libraries or printed books. It knew little about evolution, or the laws of gravitation, or the circulation of the blood. In the sphere of science their knowledge was elementary, but it led the Greeks straight into a consummate art and the creation of things of beauty which are joys forever. Out of their knowledge of science arose the supreme proportions of the Parthenon. We, with half a hundred sciences within reach, make our cities largely sordid and base. They, with the bare elements of three or four sciences, made Athens incomparably glorious. They had the secret of turning what they knew into a perfect grace of form. They passed from one to the other with a facility which the modern world has lost. What was knowledge today became beauty tomorrow. Plutarch tells us that Pericles adorned his city with deathless buildings, of which it was said that in its beauty each of them was already a work of antiquity while it was still new, and that in the freshness of its vigour, even when it was old, it was like a building recent and newly wrought.

"But if the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious . . . how shall not the ministration of the spirit be rather glorious? For if the ministration of condemna-

tion be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory." The glory which excelleth is not, of course, art or architecture, music or scholarship, titles, or anything wonder-working and thaumaturgic; spiritual things alone are the glory of the Church. People quote 2 Corinthians iii: 9 as though the excellencies of the Christian Church consisted in things that will pass away. For thirty years Father Waggett has taught us in retreats that the real splendour of the Church has nothing to do with embroideries and jewels, incense and mitres and processions. These are the marks of her humiliation, they are the trappings of her pilgrimage, the yellow dust of her warfare. Learned professors and their lectures, shining pebbles and paintings, candles and carvings are not her glory. The Church condescends to use them, but they are the working tools, the kitchen utensils, the soiled shoes, the sandal shoon and cockleshells of her earthly pilgrimage. It is as though a mother consented to dress up and play with her children in the nursery. The glory, for instance, of the Chapel of S. Anne, Arlington Heights, does not consist in the ancient golden chalice, with "bottomless cherubs" cunningly carved around bowl and stem and base, nor in the old solid silver monstrance adorned with angels and precious stones; the glory of such a Chapel is in the Sacramental Presence

TORCH BEARERS IN A PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHAPEL

of our Blessed Lord, it is in kneeling penitents, consecrated souls at the Altar, courageous girls and pure-hearted boys, unselfish men and holy matrons who pray there, the innocence of little children, the contemplatives, the wonderful burning love of the lowly in heart. These are the glory of the Bride of Christ, and they "adorn the doctrine."

On the other hand the glory of the Church will not be added to by skimping the ceremonial. "I fear lest your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ," wrote S. Paul to the Corinthians. But making life simple does not mean making it meagre. It is as easy to be unloving and to forget the Cross of Christ in a black gown as in a gold chasuble. But in times of persecution, when the externals of religion are forbidden and Christians have to worship in caves and cellars, the glory of the Church is not lessened; if souls become more humble and penitent, the glory is enormously increased. Of these things we are certain. It is refreshing to read Jeremy Taylor, and to hear him saying peacefully, apropos of Humility, that a man knows most things uncertainly, "except those things which concern his duty, and which God hath revealed to him, *which also every woman knows so far as is necessary.*"

The glory of the Church has nothing to do with material things, and yet a word or two might be said about the nature of the modest marbles and carved stones that have been placed in and about the Chapel of S. Anne, Arlington Heights. Marble is a term applied to any limestone which is sufficiently close in texture to admit of being polished. Many other ornamental stones—such as serpentine, alabaster, and even granite—are sometimes loosely designated as marbles, but by accurate writers the term is restricted to those crystalline and compact varieties of carbonate of lime which, when polished, are applicable to purposes of decoration. A fractured surface of this stone displays a multitude of sparkling facets. On placing a thin section of Carrara marble under the microscope, it is seen that each grain is an imperfect crystal of calc-spar. Carrara marble is quarried in the neighbourhood of Carrara. It is in this marble that the finest works of Michelangelo and of Canova are executed. Of this snow-white stone the reliefs on the west wall of the Chapel and the north wall of the Sacristy are made. The Crucifix on the apse, the cherubs on the Peace Rock, and the figures on the Angel Rock are of grey limestone that becomes harder with age.

The brown and yellow colours which stalagmitic marbles usually present are due to the presence

ALICE AT THE WISHING GATE IN 1911

of oxide of iron. This *giallo antico,* or ancient yellow marble, is found in Italy; it is seen in the Holy Water Stoup near the Confessional.

Istrian marble, of which the devotional relief of Madonna and Child in the north wall of the Chapel is made, is from Istria, described in the Encyclopaedia Britannica as a margraviate and crownland of Austria. It comprises the peninsula of the name, which stretches into the Adriatic Sea between the Gulf of Trieste and the Gulf of Quarnero. The marble is porous and needs protection in winter, as do the still more porous Istrian stone baskets on the garden pillars.

The grotesque under the Sacristy eaves is of Oxford sandstone. The Agnus Dei on the north and south walls are of Travertin, a porous light-yellow rock consisting of a calcareous deposit from springs. It is quarried in Italy and hardens on exposure (Ital. *travertino,* for *tiburtino,* Tibur, town in Latium). "But though we wrote them all by rote, we could not write them right." Only here and there in the rough stone wall of the Chapel is a bloom from a growth that came to perfection centuries ago; an example born in the Middle Ages and which lives on, owing nothing to modern science or invention. Something which has been in contact with generations upon generations of soiled people, and still remains pure.

Don't think of it as a museum piece. Think of it as eternal beauty snared long ago by patient hands and threatened in this twentieth century with the fate of a street-walker, until rescued from some Jew dealer or cheap sales-room. In any one of them you may see the definition—the very germ—of artistic creation; that which is

AT WORK IN THE ORCHARD

built immortally by mortal and sometimes unknowing hands.

Let Thy honey-sweet Name, O Jesus, and the Unction of Thy Holy Spirit be in our heart and on our lips, that we may understand what Thou wouldest have us know, and that we may be able graciously to impart to others the sweetness of Thy truth and live it.

AT THE FOOT OF THE ORCHARD

We ask for the prayers of all who realize the importance of childhood, of all who love children, of all who believe in home life as the right environment for a child. We ask your prayers that God may be pleased to send us support. We have no endowment, and are dependent upon contributions from friends given in answer to prayer. The need for more cottages is daily increasing; we could fill ten or twenty times the number that we already have with these flowerets of God's garden, the forget-me-nots which Tennyson says "grow for happy lovers," and who might otherwise wither and fade, or be trampled in the dust.

Much that we have written is open to criticism, but the vagaries of contemporaneous criticism are a constant source of amusement down the ages for those who take neither themselves nor criticism too seriously. Byron, for instance, thought Samuel Rogers a great poet, and Wordsworth thought Keats a little one; Samuel Johnson thought Mark Akenside a superior poet both to Gray and Mason—the conjunction of Gray with Mason is alone significant; to Macaulay, Addison was a rake among scholars and a scholar among rakes. Ruskin said of Whistler's painting: "I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint

in the public's face." The picture referred to was the "Falling Rocket at Cremorne Gardens."

About Ruskin himself, Whistler was unrestrainedly witty and contemptuous. When Ruskin's friends reminded him that he was a "Slade Professor" and a lifelong student of pictures, Whistler replied: "It suffices not, Messieurs! A life passed among pictures makes not a painter nor a critic, else the policeman in the National Gallery might assert himself."

It is only fair to remember that Whistler was an incorrigible wit, just as pleased to score off a friend or a customer as off an opponent. When he had finished a portrait of a well-known celebrity he asked him whether he liked it.

"No, I can't say I do, Mr. Whistler, and you must really admit it's a bad work of art."

"Yes," replied the artist, looking at his sitter through his monocle, "but then you must admit that you are a bad work of nature."

So we present you with our book. A satirist, or one who was disillusioned, would have used darker colours, and you might have mistaken sincerity for cynicism. For our part we have only tried to draw those aspects which may draw you from time to time to make us a visit. Then you may discover for yourself how half the truth is no exaggeration. Nor will you think the other

half of the truth, which we have not told, is the whole.

Under the date April 17, 1778, Mr. Boswell records the meeting, after an interval of some fifty years, of Dr. Johnson and an old fellow-collegian, Mr. Edwards. When Edwards had departed, Johnson and Boswell agreed that he was "but a weak man." Yet during the conversation he had let fall an exquisite remark. "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," he said. "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." No doubt the anecdote has been often quoted, yet we venture to stale't a little more because it describes the spirit in which these cameos of convent life are carved.

A systematic philosopher should he condescend to read this religious microcosm would probably say with Coventry Patmore's little girl to whom he showed the stars for the first time: "How untidy the sky is!" But who does not know that all philosophies have had to pay for the blessing of system, by the curse of barrenness? One would like to test each philosopher with a joke, but it is better not to do so. A joke does not flourish so luxuriantly among them as some other things do. Only let us be forgiven for all mistakes. King Alfred translated Bede, a popular manual of his

A Holy Water Basin,
Sixteenth Century,
Blue and Gold Mosaic
Inlaid in the Column

day. "Do not blame me if any know Latin better than I do," he explained with simple dignity, "for every man must say what he says and do what he does according to his ability."

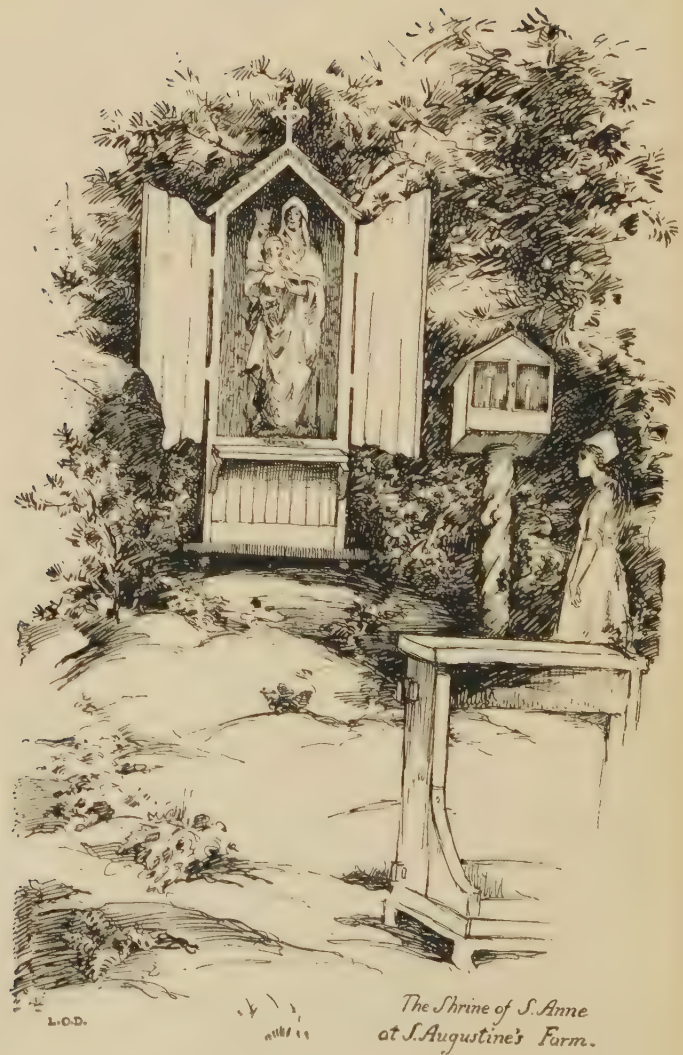
With King Alfred we have discovered that it is possible joyfully to "draw water out of the wells of salvation;" and that the worthiest occupation of the wise is to "dig again the wells which the Philistines have filled." We are not theologians. We only report the cry which as babes in Christ we have learned from the Psalter: "Taste, and see how gracious the Lord is." Far be it from us to pose as other than mere reporters.

Please take this postscript from Robert Herrick as applying to the whole of the Guide Book:

> "For every sentence, clause and word
> That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
> Forgive me, God, and blot each line
> Out of my book that is not Thine!"

Pray for us. The cause, we feel, is the cause of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To help it is to be assured of His gracious smile, for He said: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth Me."

APPENDIX



L.O.D.

The Shrine of S. Anne
at S. Augustine's Farm.

APPENDIX

[*This is but a Guide Book. Therefore, Reader, do not pause to criticise the sign or finger-post, but hasten on towards the ultimate goal to which it points—God! While you are tarrying to note that the lettering is faulty, that the words are mis-spelled, that the pointing hand is hardly human from an anatomical point of view, you might be finding nuggets of spiritual gold.*

The great cry of our day is work, work, work, new organizations, new machinery. The great need of our day is prayer. Which is the more important end of an apple bough, the end where the fruit hangs, or the other? Surely, the important end of the branch is not where the fruit hangs, but where it touches the trunk, because, if that connection is unhindered, then through it the sap will flow, and the apples will take care of themselves, if only the branches are united and kept united to the vine. (S. John xv, 5.)

Each Office of the Breviary brings with it a sense of buoyancy, as if one were in the middle of a warm current that streams across the harsh face of the world and makes its own comfortable atmosphere—a Gulf-Stream—that river of a dream which holds its own against the bitter ocean of what passes for reality. Let us pray.]

OFFICE FOR THE PATRONAL FESTIVAL

JULY 26

S. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin

At ¶ Vespers

Ants. 1. Hail, holy Anne, * illustrious daughter of David, and descended from a race of kings: the Eternal Father cherishes thee as the Mother of His beloved Daughter and the Grandmother of His Divine Son. Alleluia.

2. Hail, holy Anne, * happy is the womb in which God formed the Ark of sanctity: the Son of God, the Eternal Word, loveth thee, because thou didst give Him so pure, so good, so holy a Mother. Alleluia.

3. Hail, holy Anne, * worthy spouse of the virtuous Joachim: the Holy Ghost holdeth thee in great esteem, because thou didst give unto Him so worthy, so beautiful, so perfect a Spouse. Alleluia.

4. Hail, holy Anne, * joy of the Angels: all the blessed spirits hold thee in reverence, because thou didst give birth to Mary, their august and gentle Queen. Alleluia.

5. Hail, holy Anne, * fruitful vine: all the saints honour thee as the sacred tree whence sprang that lovely Flower, who is their delight in Heaven, and the worthy Fruit, which was their Joy during their exile on earth. Alleluia.

The Psalms: cx, cxiii, cxxii, cxxvii, cxlvii. 12.

Short Chapter as at Lauds.

Hymn

Holy Anna, Judah's glory,
Through the Church from east to west
Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
Spotless Mary's Mother blest.

Saintly kings and priestly fathers
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue those before thee
Didst excel by grace divine.

Linked in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of high Heaven,
Our immortal Virgin Star.

From the stem of beauty budded
Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
Earth from thee received the Mother
Of the Almighty Son of God.

All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay,
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the long expected Day.

Praise for Blessed Anne we yield Thee,
God eternal, Three in One,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

V. Hail, good S. Anne, Mother of Mary the immaculate Virgin. *R.* The whole court of Heaven beholdeth thee with admiration. Alleluia.

Ant. *to Mag.* Whithersoever she entereth * God will give her a blessing: Who hath brought many children to glory. Alleluia.

Collect

O God, Who didst vouchsafe to grant to Blessed Anne such grace that she was worthy to bear in her womb Mary Thy Mother: grant us through the intercession of the Mother and her Daughter the abundance of Thy grace, that aided by the prayers of those whose memory we lovingly cherish, we may be worthy to attain to the heavenly Jerusalem. Who livest and reignest, with the Father and the Holy Ghost One God, for ever and ever. Amen.

At Compline and the Hours the ending of the Hymns shall be:

All honour, praise, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee.

At Lauds and the Hours

Ants. 1. S. Anne, * full of the Holy Ghost, exults and cries: Rejoice with me, whose happy womb, free from barrenness, has brought forth the Branch of Promise. Alleluia.

2. Blessed is He Who hears * the prayers of His suppliants: and has made me the glorious mother of her whose virgin womb is Heaven, in which He resided Whose immensity no space can contain. Alleluia.

3. Rejoice, O glorious Matron, * for thy prayers are heard, and thy barrenness comforted: thou hast brought forth the Mother of all our hopes, the Mother of Jesus. Alleluia.

4. I will pour My Spirit * on thy seed: and My blessing on thy offspring. Alleluia.

5. Blessed art thou among women, * O holy Anne: and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Mary. Alleluia.

SHORT CHAPTER S. Matt. 1 16

AND Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, Who is called Christ.

HYMN

The fruitful stem of Jesse blooms:
Behold the modest blossom rare!
Anne to the world a Virgin gives,
Who God's eternal Son shall bear.

Long wrapped in darkness, man may now
Uplift his eyes and see the day,
And in the arms of Anne perceive
The promised morning's earliest ray.

Such fervent prayers her spirit breathed,
Such holy yearnings filled her breast,
She merited to bear the Maid
That bare salvation's Author blest.

To God eternal, Three in One,
High praise for blessed Anne we yield:
May He, when earthly days are run,
In death's dread hour His children shield.
Amen.

V. Hail, holy Anne, of whom was born the Virgin Mary. *R.* Who brought forth the Saviour of the world. Alleluia.

ANT. *to Ben.* Her conversation hath no bitterness, * nor her company any tediousness, but joy and gladness: In her is the spirit of understanding, holy, active, and sweet. Alleluia.

At Prime

In Short *R.* *V.* Thou That wast born of the Virgin Mary.

At Terce

Short Chapter *as at Lauds.*

Short *R.* In thy fairness * and thy beauty. In thy. *V.* Come, ride, prosperously, and reign. And. Glory be. In thy. *V.* God shall help her with His countenance. *R.* God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed.

At Sext

Short Chapter. Prov. 31 20

SHE stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household.

Short *R.* God shall help her * with His countenance. God. *V.* God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed. With. Glory be. God. *V.* God hath chosen her, and preferred her. *R.* He hath made her to dwell in His tabernacle.

At None

Short Chapter. Prov. 31 29

MANY daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Short *R.* God hath chosen her * and preferred her. God. *V.* He hath made her to dwell in His tabernacle. And. Glory be. God. *V.* Full of grace are thy lips. *R.* Because God hath blessed thee for ever.

At II Vespers

All as at I Vespers.

Ant. *to Mag.* Hasten, O mothers, * make haste, O daughters, to the cottage at Nazareth, where Anne is teaching Blessed Mary: Put your ear to the door to hear what she is saying; it may be you will get some word of comfort for yourselves. Alleluia.

EXPLICIT

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